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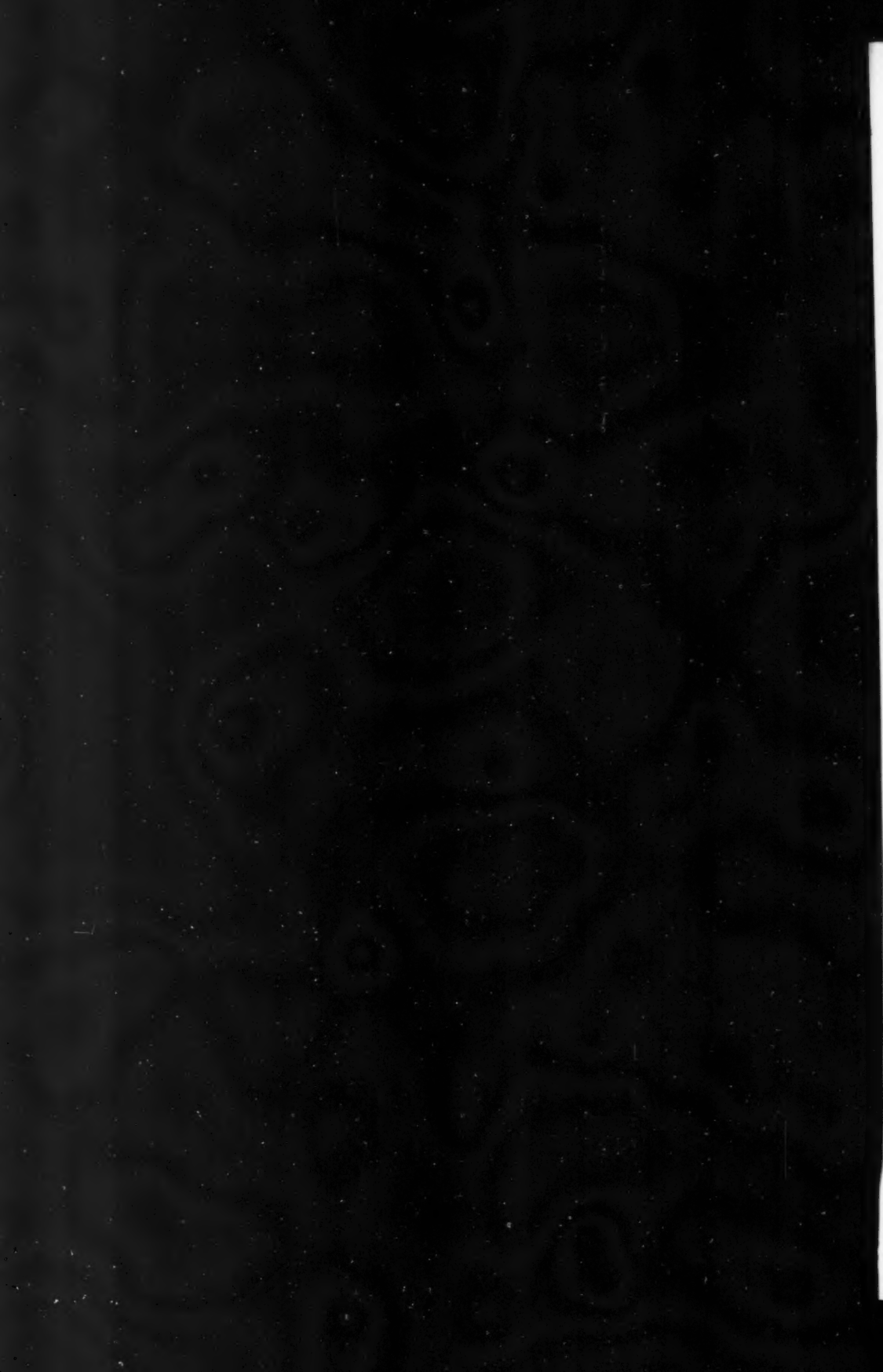
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RETROSPECTION.

To thee I gave the freshness of my heart !
 All that to youth most beautiful appears !
 Its high imaginings, its fervid dreams,
 But all have vanish'd now thro' these long
 years.

To thee I gave the springtime of my life !
 Sweet as are April's days, half smiles, half
 tears ;
 The fragrance of that flower-strewn path I
 trod
 Steal o'er me yet again thro' these long
 years.

To thee I gave my summer's golden prime !
 A woman's love, her prayers, her hopes,
 her fears ;
 The yellow corn still waves beneath the wind,
 Birds sing, and sweet flowers bloom thro'
 these long years.

To thee I gave pale autumn's fading days !
 Heaven's storm-clouds burst, and mingled
 with my tears,
 As thick and fast upon thy grave they fell ;
 I have wept many times thro' these long
 years !

To thee I give these last few wintry hours !
 My strength grows feeble, and my spirit
 nears
 That bourne where the tired traveller rests at
 last ;
 Hast thou remembered me thro' these long
 years ?

My life I give ! spring, summer, autumn, age !
 To thee I give them all ! Time but endears
 Thy memory to my heart ! I welcome death,
 For I have been alone thro' these long
 years !

Belgravia.

CHARLOTTE A. PRICE.

THE BALLAD OF THE BRITAIN'S PRIDE.

It was a skipper of Lowestoft
 That trawled the northern sea,
 In a smack of thrice ten tons and seven,
 And the Britain's Pride was she.
 And the waves were high to windward,
 And the waves were high to lee,
 And he said as he lost his trawl-net,
 " What is to be, will be."

His craft she reeled and staggered,
 But he headed her for the hithe,
 In a storm that threatened to mow her down
 As grass is mown by the scythe ;
 When suddenly through the cloud-rift
 The moon came sailing soft,
 And he saw one mast of a sunken ship
 Like a dead arm held aloft.

And a voice came faint from the rigging —
 " Help ! help ! " it whispered and sighed —
 And a single form to the sole mast clung,
 In the roaring darkness wide.
 Oh, the crew were but four hands all told,
 On board of the Britain's Pride,
 And ever " Hold on till daybreak ! "
 Across the night they cried.

Slowly melted the darkness,
 Slowly rose the sun,
 And only the lad in the rigging
 Was left out of thirty-one,
 To tell the tale of his captain,
 The English sailor true,
 That did his duty and met his death
 As English sailors do.

Peace to the gallant spirit,
 The greatly proved and tried,
 And to all who have fed the hungry sea
 That is never satisfied ;
 And honor and glory unceasing,
 While rolls the unceasing tide,
 To the skipper of Little Lowestoft,
 And the crew of the Britain's Pride.
 Spectator. WILLIAM WATSON.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

NIGHT, cloud, and tempest ! In the vexed
 sky
 The full moon struggles, and the winds rush
 by
 With a long shouting voice, a dismal cry.

See how the vapors fight the flashing moon !
 Struggle, brave light, that thou mayst con-
 quer soon —
 Thy foes like withered leaves of autumn
 strewn ;

While down the dreary rain-washed village
 street
 The headlong blasts with fitful fury beat,
 Urging the flying drift to be as fleet.

Night, cloud, and tempest ! — who will care
 to see
 The mingled strife, the midnight victory ?
 Home and the fireside are the best to me.

Draw close the curtain, let the firelight leap ;
 Up the dark staircase softly will I creep,
 To watch the beauty of the babes, asleep ;

Each flaxen head upon its pillow white,
 Heedless of storms and dangers of the night :
 God is their father, and they trust him quite.

Bending o'er each fair cradled face, I pray
 That he will lay his hand, as thus I lay
 Mine, on their heads, and let its blessing stay.
 Sunday Magazine. ARTHUR W. SALMON.

From The Nineteenth Century.
NEW STARS.

THE announcement made early last month of the appearance of a new star in the constellation Auriga in the Milky Way is certain to attract general attention to the many interesting questions raised by such sudden outbursts in the depths of space. It may indeed be said that in the whole domain of astronomy the class of phenomena to which most mystery attaches, and which, so far, has baffled inquiry most successfully, is undoubtedly that which relates to the sudden appearance, now in one region of the heavens and now in another, of these strange visitors.

These so-called new stars, some of which, at the moment of discovery, have been found to be as luminous as Jupiter, or even Venus at her brightest, have in almost all the explanations heretofore suggested been supposed to be old stars — by which term is meant stars of the ordinary kind — suddenly subjected to some process which has driven them into a condition of fervent heat; and so long as old stars of the ordinary kind were supposed, all of them, to be bodies like the sun, those processes were favored which we imagine to be actually at work on, or most easily associated with, that body.

It is now some little time since, in a paper in this review, I gave an account of the evidence gathered during the last thirty years by spectroscopic workers all over the world as to the true nature and conditionings of ordinary stars. Some of the conclusions to be gathered from this marshalling of new series of facts, obtained by the use of one of the most powerful instruments of research of modern times, might have been easily expected to be novel, and they were. As a matter of fact, some of them suggest that our usual notions about stars generally cannot be justly held with regard to all of them — that, in short, there are stars and stars. Nor do the conclusions to be drawn stop here. The wide induction rendered possible by the enormous area of new facts now available suggests further that some old theories require to be recast, while some modern ones disappear altogether.

Some of these general conclusions have the most important bearing upon the so-called new stars. One is that there is a complete evolutionary sequence between nebulae and stars, whereas the idea in vogue was that these bodies represented different orders of creation. Another was that the spectroscopic phenomena presented by some nebulae, stars, and comets, have so much in common that, unless we throw overboard the *regula philosophandi*, a similar nature must be ascribed to them. And since the labors of Newton (of Yale), Schiaparelli, and others have convinced most people that comets are swarms of meteorites, it is probable that some of the stars and nebulae in question may be of like nature. It was next shown that, if we assume two meteor swarms or comets moving near each other, we can easily explain the phenomena of all the new and many of the variable stars; whereas the received idea was that they depended upon the rotation of a single star differently illuminated on different sides, or else with axes of different lengths.

To prove such positions as these is naturally a work of years. The chief thing that we can do is to note whether the new knowledge as it comes is in harmony with, or runs counter to, the new hypothesis, and to seek for new tests and vigorously apply them.

Since the new views were put forward, the work of Darwin, Pickering, Roberts, and others, has produced evidence of the most important nature in their favor. One by one the facts have been established that the solar system may, at a former stage of its history, have been a swarm of meteorites; that the spectra of nebulae and of a certain class of stars remarkable for the appearance of bright lines in their spectra are similar to a degree hitherto undreamt of; and finally, that in a nebula so-called stars may vary their brilliancy with unimagined rapidity, and that even such stars as the Pleiades may in all probability be only the bright centres of a nebulous assemblage, a meeting-place of meteoritic streams.

While, then, the phenomena of new stars suggest that we are in the presence

of the most mysterious actions in the heavens, so long as we look to the old ideas to explain them, the new views on the other hand suggest that such phenomena must of necessity arise from time to time from the mere existence of moving meteor swarms in space.

It seemed, then, to me that the phenomena of new stars supplied a very rigid test for the new views, for, if they were right, all the mystery should be easily explained, and all the facts accumulated during three centuries should fall into a simple order. I have applied this test as honestly as I could, and it is not a little singular that another new star, which doubtless will furnish us with more, should have appeared within a month of the publication of the long memoir which I presented to the Royal Society about a year ago.

The object of the present article is to state the method employed, and the results recorded in the memoir, so that the phenomena which the new arrival will in all probability continue to furnish us for some time may be thoroughly understood as they are chronicled for public information from time to time.

Many new stars have been observed, and it is well to begin by considering the views which have been suggested as to their origin. For the first, we have to go back to the times of Tycho Brahe. They related to the new stars which appeared in 1572 and 1604.

The nova of 1572, observed by Tycho Brahe, is the first of which anything like a complete record exists; it appeared in Cassiopeia and was minutely described by Tycho Brahe. The nova seemed to be destitute of nebulous surroundings, and only differed from other stars in the vivacity of its scintillations. When it was first observed it appeared more brilliant than Sirius, α Lyrae, or Jupiter, and even rivalled the splendor of Venus at greatest brilliancy, being, like Venus, visible in the daytime. At the beginning of December a diminution of brightness was noticed. This regularly continued until, in March, 1574, the nova had disappeared.

Changes of color accompanied the changes of brightness. When the star

first became conspicuously visible it was white, like Venus and Jupiter. It then acquired a yellow color which merged into red. In the first months of 1573 Tycho Brahe compared it to Mars and α Orionis, and considered it to be much like Aldebaran. Later on in the same year, and especially towards May, a leaden hue was observed. This continued until January, 1574, when the color became less clear and less white as the star slowly disappeared.

The famous nova which appeared in 1604 is associated with the name of Kepler, as that of 1572 is with Tycho Brahe. It was first observed on October 10 by Bronowski, a pupil of Kepler's. To begin with, it was brighter than first-magnitude stars, and also Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter. In March, 1606, it disappeared.

Although many other novæ have been observed, none have matched the splendor of those of 1572 and 1604, and of none have such circumstantial accounts been written.

We next come to the explanation of the phenomena put forward by the respective observers.

Tycho Brahe considered that new stars were formed from the cosmical vapor which was supposed to have reached a certain degree of condensation in the Milky Way, and the fact that the nova appeared on the edge of the Galaxy was used to give weight to this hypothesis of stellar formation. Indeed, some observers imagined they could see the *hiatus* or opening out of which the nova came. The disappearance of the star was supposed to be due either to some action in itself or to its dissipation by the light of the sun and stars. It should be remarked that when Tycho Brahe advanced the above theory the tails of comets were looked upon as similar in constitution to the Milky Way. Kepler agreed with Tycho in considering that new stars were created from the ethereal existence of which the Milky Way was composed. The circumstance that *Mira* or σ Ceti, which was looked upon as a nova, appeared in a part of the heavens distant from the Milky Way, was explained by saying that the nebulous material was not exclusively

confined to the Galaxy, as supposed by Tycho Brahe, but pervaded all space.

A fact deemed of considerable importance was that both Tycho Brahe's and Kepler's novæ became suddenly and strikingly visible, and did not appear gradually to increase in brightness. Indeed, it was thought that all new stars must exhibit the maximum of brilliancy at their first appearance, and Kepler went so far as to use the statement made by Antonius Laurentinus Politianus, that he had seen the nova of 1604 increase in brightness as an argument against his having seen the star at all.

The first nova that attained any brilliancy, after that of 1604, appeared near β Cygni in June, 1669, and was observed by Anthelm. This nova fluctuated in brightness between the third and fifth magnitudes, and finally disappeared altogether. It is most probable that observations of this star drew Newton's attention to the subject, and led him to the idea that novæ were produced by the appulse of comets, propounded in 1686 in the "Principia."

In dealing with the period between Newton's time and our own, we shall give, as shortly as possible, some of the most important views expressed during the last quarter of a century.

According to the hypothesis advanced by Zollner, all stars, at a certain period of their formation, become covered with a cold, non-luminous crust. If the glowing mass bursts forth, the chemical combinations which have formed on the surface, under the influence of a low temperature, are again decomposed, with a resulting development of considerable heat and light. Hence the great brilliancy of a new star must not be ascribed merely to the bursting forth of a glowing mass, but also to the combustion of the substances which form the shell.

Drs. Huggins and Miller's observations of the nova that appeared in Corona Borealis in 1866 led them to the following speculation: "The character of the spectrum of this star, taken together with its sudden outburst in brilliancy and its rapid decline in brightness, suggests to us the rather bold speculation that, in conse-

quence of some vast convulsion taking place in this object large quantities of gas have been evolved from it; that the hydrogen present is burning by combination with some other element and furnishes the light represented by the bright lines; also that the flaming gas has heated to vivid incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere. As the hydrogen becomes exhausted all the phenomena diminish in intensity and the star rapidly wanes." In plain English, on this view we were spectators of "a world on fire."

Mr. Johnstone Stoney, in 1868, suggested that new stars might be produced by the friction of the outer atmospheres of two stars brushing against each other: "the outer constituent of their atmosphere [hydrogen], and the outer constituent alone, would be raised by the friction to brilliant incandescence, which would reveal itself by the temporary substitution of four intensely bright for four dark hydrogen lines."

Observations of the new star in Cygnus (1876-77) led Professor Vogel to support Zollner's views. Dr. Lohse, in 1877, considered that "the lighting up of new stars may probably be looked upon as the result of the innate affinity of chemical matter. By the progressive cooling of the mass of a luminous body (fixed star), which consists of heated vapors and gases, an atmospheric envelope is produced which absorbs the light so much that the star cannot be seen at all, or only very faintly, from the earth. As this body continues to give out heat at length the degree of coolness is reached which is necessary for the formation of chemical combinations. The greater portion of the body is composed of elements which then combine, producing by their combination heat and light; and thus making the star visible to a great distance, and for a long or short space of time."

In 1877, when discussing the phenomena of Nova Cygni, I advanced the view that meteoritic collisions were in all probability the cause of them. Almost, if not quite, the last view to which we have to refer is due to Mr. W. H. S. Monck, who suggested in 1885 that new stars are dark (or faintly luminous) bodies which acquire

a short-lived brilliancy by rushing through some of the gaseous masses which exist in space.

It will be seen from the above that there are more than twenty years of modern work on these strange visitors to be co-ordinated. This work has been of a most searching kind, since the spectroscope—that marvellous aid to inquiry—has been the instrument employed. The tests rendered available by its means have been applied to the observations recorded, and the results obtained will be very briefly stated in the case of each nova.

The quality of the light emitted by the new star which appeared in the constellation Corona in 1866 shows that the nova was intimately related to comets and nebulae, including in this term the bright-line stars. Two of the bright rays which appeared on the colored strip into which the prisms of the spectroscope decomposed the light of the nova turn out to have their origin in carbon, and to be identical in position with similar radiations emanating from some stars, whilst three other bright lines demonstrate the presence of incandescent hydrogen. A line was seen by some observers which in all probability was the same as that which characterizes the majority of nebulae.

The only obvious deduction from these facts is that the same chemical substances produced the light of this nova which exist in comets and nebulae. As the nova faded (from the second to the ninth magnitude), the lines dropped out one by one, until finally only a single representative of incandescent hydrogen remained, and this the one which in several nebulae is brighter than any other.

We next come to Nova Cygni, which appeared in 1876. At the time of discovery eight bright lines and many dark spaces were conspicuously visible upon the continuous background of colored light ordinarily seen in all celestial bodies. Brightest among these were the radiations indicative of hydrogen, whilst other brilliant rays are found to be matched by lines of sodium, carbon, and iron. But the most important line of all was one identical in position with the chief line in the spectra of nebulae; this brightened as the other lines faded, and finally glimmered alone in the spectrum, as it has been observed to do in some comets. Upon any probable supposition the temperature of the nova at this time must have been lower than at the time of maximum brilliancy. This being so, the line which increased in brightness as the nova was degraded to a

faint nebula could not be due to incandescent nitrogen as had been supposed. The origin of the line was still problematical and the observed phenomena entirely unexplained, when the researches on the spectra of meteorites referred to in my last article seemed to offer a solution of the problem. It was found that if a meteorite be slowly heated in a vacuum tube, so as to volatilize some of its constituents, a bright line is seen in the spectrum which disappears when the temperature is increased. This line was coincident in position with the one observed in Nova Coronæ and Nova Cygni, in nebulae and in faint comets, and apparently owed its origin to the magnesium fluting which is seen very brightly in the same position in the green part of the spectrum when a strip of magnesium ribbon is burnt in air. These facts enabled the statement to be hazarded that the phenomena observed in Nova Cygni would occur precisely as described if the catastrophe were produced by the collision of two swarms of meteorites of different densities. In such a case there would first be the collisions between the two sets of outliers, then the denser part of the smaller swarm would enter the outliers of the larger, and finally, after the densest parts of both swarms had come together, producing the maximum of light—which is generally the time at which attention is called to a new star—the action would slacken, and the light and temperature be reduced.

These views as to the connection between novæ, nebulae, and comets are considerably strengthened by the facts observed regarding an anomalous brightening discovered in the centre of the Great Nebula in Andromeda in August, 1885, which was the next nova that made its appearance. The light was found to be matched by that of the flame of a spirit-lamp. This was a definite proof of the existence of carbon, and, more than this, the luminous radiations exhibited by the nova under consideration were exactly similar to those which distinguish comets—in fact, they are so characteristic of these bodies as to be known as “cometary bands.” This observation suggested a careful examination of the spectrum of the nebula itself. This was made by myself and my excellent assistant, Mr. Fowler, and it was found that, instead of being continuous, as had previously been recorded, it was like that of the nova. This made the whole thing clear. The nebula was simply brightened in a certain part by some disturbance; when this disturbance

ceased, the spectrum of the nova was undistinguishable from that of the nebula — both showing characteristic cometary bands.

Now that the chief facts gathered from each nova in turn have been considered, we may next deal with some general considerations.

If the appearance of a new star be due to the collision of two meteor swarms, as suggested, it is obvious that the spectroscopic changes should follow the same order as those observed in the spectrum of a comet during its passage from the point of nearest approach to the sun, when it is hottest and most disturbed; to that most removed, when all the energies have slackened down. The differences in observing conditions, and the relative physical conditions of the two swarms which produce a nova, must, however, be allowed for. From this point of view a map has been constructed, showing the theoretical sequence of spectroscopic changes which would result from the collision of two swarms of meteorites, one of which, previous to the catastrophe, existed in the condition of a nebula, whilst the other was sufficiently dense to exhibit the spectrum of a comet near the sun. The typical spectrum produced by adding together these two spectra is similar to that of the nova at the time of the first observation, so far as bright lines were concerned.

The first effect of the cooling of the imaginary mixed swarms would be a diminution of light and an accompanying disappearance of the dark lines, until only certain bright lines and flutings remained. This condition occurred in Nova Cygni six days after it was first spectroscopically observed, and in the great comet of 1882 when near the sun.

As the temperature increases, the bright indications of sodium, lead, and manganese must disappear, and the hydrogen lines become fainter, while the luminosity in the green which represents magnesium gets brighter. This stage in the sequence was observed in Nova Cygni and Nova Coronæ; and all the lines which characterize it have been recorded in the spectrum of the nebula in Orion.

The carbon flutings next merge into, and become indistinguishable from, the continuous spectrum. One hydrogen line remains, and this the one which is usually found in nebulæ. The only line telling of the presence of iron is the one visible in the laboratory when a low temperature is employed to produce the vapor. Eventually

even this ceases its glimmering, leaving a trio composed of the hydrogen line just referred to, a line which occurs in meteorites but the origin of which has not been determined, and the other which has gained in intensity as the others have sunk out of sight. This combination occurs in the nebula numbered 4373 in Herschel's catalogue.

The hydrogen line next disappears, and so the spectrum consists of two lines as in the nebula No. 2343 and many others, and in Nova Cygni nearly a year after discovery.

The last stage in the sequence is when the line attributed to magnesium remains alone. This was observed when Nova Cygni had degenerated to the condition of a planetary nebula; it is the solitary badge of the nebula No. 4403.

None of the novæ which have been spectroscopically examined have shown the complete sequence of changes thus briefly stated, but Nova Cygni passed through most of them. The main point I wish to make is that, although the initial spectrum may be different in different novæ, as the temperatures differ, the changes should follow the same order of decreasing temperature, however high or low the point occupied on the temperature scale when first observed; and this seems to agree with the facts. The dark absorption lines giving way to bright lines in Nova Coronæ, the brightest lines fading away one by one in Nova Cygni, and the carbon becoming less manifest in Nova Andromedæ, all go to show a diminution in the temperature of the star after the first observation. This deduction would also naturally be made from the variations in magnitude. Tycho Brahe's nova and Nova Cygni dimmed very suddenly at first, and more slowly later on. Nova Coronæ flashed out very suddenly, and, as we have seen, its spectrum indicated a comparatively high temperature. Hence it is most probable that in this case we are dealing with the collisions of two rather condensed swarm of meteorites. In Nova Andromedæ, where the increase of luminosity was not so sudden, the temperature was not nearly so high. In this case we began at a point low down on the temperature scale, because we probably had to deal with a collision of two swarms not nearly so dense as those involved in Nova Coronæ; perhaps a slightly condensed swarm (a comet) passing through the Andromeda nebula.

One very interesting point about new stars has relation to their color and their

color changes. The characteristic colors which distinguish nebulae and some stars which are supposed not to differ greatly in temperature from them, are dull white, grey, or pale bluish-green. As the temperature increases, the color becomes reddish-yellow, and from this merges through red, orange, yellow, and white, finally a bluish-white, the badge of the highest temperature, is reached.

Now consider what must happen in the case of a new star on the idea which we have started. We begin with two swarms probably in different stages of condensation. If no star or nebula were visible before, the sudden increase of light would be due to the collision of two swarms or streams quite invisible so long as disturbances are absent. If one of the swarms engaged already existed as a nebula, the collision of another with it would cause an outburst similar to that of Nova Andromedæ. If the swarm existed as a star, and was therefore in a rather more condensed state, the collision of another swarm with it would produce a higher temperature; this was the case with Nova Coronæ. But after the disturbance due to the collision has subsided the temperature must begin to fall, as the mixed swarm is not in a condition to keep it up. We see, therefore, that the color changes of novæ will in general take place in the opposite order to that followed by a condensing swarm, because in one case the temperature is increasing, while in the other it is decreasing. The color of new stars will also be generally of a compound nature. The colors, then, should be special, and they often are.

All the color observations of novæ have been compiled and discussed among the new tests from this point of view. The nova observed by Tycho Brahe passed through white, yellow, and red to a *lead* color.

Many observations were made of the variations in the color of Nova Coronæ, and they show that it ran down from bluish-white to dull yellow.

The estimations of the colors of Nova Cygni show that the changes were very similar to those observed by Tycho Brahe in the nova of 1572. From a golden yellow the nova passed to red, and then to orange, which agrees with the portion of the general color sequence — reddish-yellow, yellow, red, yellowish-red. The spectroscopic observations agree with those of color in assigning a lower maximum temperature to Nova Cygni than Nova Coronæ.

Finally, Nova Andromedæ was first reddish-yellow, then orange-colored, reddish, and yellowish-red, which closely agree with the portion of the color sequence reddish-yellow, yellowish-red, red, yellowish-red.

The discussion of color observations, therefore, strengthens the view that new stars are complex bodies. The strongest evidence of the color being produced by two light-sources blended are found in such observations as "cream-colored," "yellow seen through a blue film," "buff-colored," "lead", "slight orange tinge," "red with tinge of purple," etc., and such instances might be multiplied.

After this general statement, it should be clear that all the facts brought forward prove that the various spectra observed in novæ are very closely related to those of nebulae and comets, including in their turn the bright-line stars, the difference in observing conditions and the compound character of the novæ being duly allowed for. The temperature and visibility of a nova depend upon the size and degree of condensation of the meteor-swarms which produce it and their distance from us. Hence it is that all novæ do not attain the same maximum temperature or brilliancy, and that some are lost to view before they descend to the same low temperature as others. In like manner, comets differ in their maximum temperature according to their different perihelion distances. The evidence derived from the observations shows that each nova cooled as its luminosity diminished. And if we accept the statements that the characteristic nebula line was seen in the spectra of two small comets in 1866-67, and that Nova Cygni now exists as a small planetary nebula, we must conclude that nebulae are at a low temperature; for if the views that nebulae are very hot be accepted, the impossible belief is forced upon us that comets reduce their temperature as they approach the sun and that new stars get hotter as their luminosity diminishes.

The changes in magnitude observed in novæ are in strict accordance with the meteoritic theory of their origin, for the rapid fading away conclusively demonstrates that small bodies and not large ones are engaged.

The complete discussion, therefore, tends to confirm the conclusion which I stated in November, 1887, that "new stars, whether seen in connection with nebulae or not, are produced by the clash of meteor swarms, the bright lines seen being the low temperature lines of elements, the

spectra of which are most brilliant at a low stage of heat."

From the above it will be gathered that the nova at present visible will receive the most cordial welcome from astronomers all over the world, and the first results obtained at Kensington, showing the almost exact agreement of the photographic spectrum with that of those nebulae called "bright-line stars," and that the two swarms are now separating at a velocity of at least *five hundred miles a second*, are not unworthy of the first application of photography to the investigation of these strange phenomena, which we must now, it seems, consider by no means mysterious, but, on the contrary, a result in space analogous to that produced by the meeting of two trains at a level crossing.

J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
DOCTOR GREGORY.

BY ALICE CORKRAN.

DOCTOR GREGORY was walking up the street in which stood the house of his friend, Sir William Fay. It was a steep street, austere monotonous in its architecture; the August sun was hot, the elderly gentleman carried a heavy bag, yet he walked with a springing step. He was white-haired and of a fine, open-air complexion. Notwithstanding a slight stoop, which betokened a dreamy habit of mind, there was a fire and a spirit about his whole appearance. His bright and hopeful eye, of somewhat abstracted gaze, kindled easily as he muttered to himself, and smiles played about his lips.

Doctor Gregory was an antiquary. He devoted his time and his energy to unburying the past. Enthusiastic by temperament, he was apt sometimes to overestimate the importance of the discoveries he made, nevertheless, the British Museum and some local collections contained some curious relics of Roman and Saxon times that he had presented. While digging in the neighborhood of a Roman encampment he had lately come upon a square block of masonry ornamented with inscriptions, in relief, resembling nothing that he had yet found. The old gentleman was hurrying along to share with his friend the excitement and mystery of that find. Sir William Fay was a renowned excavator, of vast learning and judgment, who held a high official posi-

tion. A warm friendship existed between the two men. Essentially different in temperament, community of tastes gave to their relationship the exhilaration of intellectual comradeship. If the truth must be told, however, Sir William's feeling for Doctor Gregory was one of affection for the man himself rather than of trust in his judgment as an archaeologist. To the doctor, who was an old bachelor, friendship with the eminent scientist was the solace and delight of his solitary and studious life.

Doctor Gregory, not being the most patient of men, felt inclined to fume at being kept waiting on the doorstep. With the abruptness of intimacy he burst into his friend's study and cut short his greetings.

"My dear Fay," he said, in tones of mystery, "you will never guess what I have in this bag."

"The bag and its master, in effect, seem charged with mystery," replied his friend, an amused glimmer flickering up into his faded eyes. He was a man of incisive countenance. His finely cut features of classic mould were somewhat marred by what looked like an accidental bluntness of the tip of the nose and projection of the chin. His friends said that he resembled a bust of Jupiter, fractured in the process of exhumation.

"I have something here that will surprise you, that will agitate you, my dear friend."

"Agitate me!" repeated Sir William, with sceptically humorous emphasis, the amused glimmer, not devoid of sarcasm, still brightening his glance as he regarded Doctor Gregory's face radiant and twitching with restrained communicativeness.

"I must prepare you for this find. I think, Fay, I may say without conceit that I have made some interesting discoveries."

"You certainly have," acquiesced Sir William, inclining his head.

"Well, I have found," cried Doctor Gregory, with a burst of sublime confidence, "a fragment which I believe to be unique. You know that encampment I have been digging through; well, I have dug below the Roman city into the early Briton period. Fay, I believe I have found there the trace of an early civilization—a lost civilization."

"Take care! take care!" said Sir William, in a tone of humorous warning. "We old antiquaries are apt to be all too credulous."

"Credulous! You will judge for yourself. I am tolerably familiar with the

great European museums, and I do not remember in any one of these national collections having seen such a fragment. Its shape, the inscription upon it, the position in which I found it, all add to its mystery, all deepen in me the conviction that it is unique."

"Take care, that is all I say; take care, Gregory, I know you of old. You are an enthusiast!"

Doctor Gregory made an impatient gesture as if about to open the bag, but he restrained himself. Affecting carelessness, he pretended to examine the treasures around. In the overweening importance that he attached to his concealed exhibit he thought by this simple device to pique his friend's curiosity, and to draw from him the request to see that extraordinary relic.

To his mortification, Sir William Fay seemed to have forgotten all about it, and rambled off gaily to his own topics, describing the plan he proposed to adopt in directing certain excavations he was about to undertake in Asia Minor.

"Are you not interested in the important discovery made by your friend?" at last asked Doctor Gregory reproachfully.

"Its importance, my dear Gregory, I do not pretend to estimate," replied Sir William, the gleam of mocking light returning to his glance. "You know we old antiquaries are getting a little weary of that word."

With a seriousness too profound for comment, Doctor Gregory unpacked the broken fragment and held it up at arm's length. "There!" he said.

"Where?" asked Sir William, with short-sighted gaze coldly passing over the fragment.

"Have you eyes?" asked Doctor Gregory with the calmness of irritation.

"My dear Gregory," replied Sir William, in a tone of bantering protest, "I see perfectly what you are showing me, but really your preface led me to expect something amazing!"

"I am aware," said Doctor Gregory, restraining the irritation that was making his temples throb, "that there are two specimens of sepulchral carvings, somewhat similar, perhaps, of immense antiquity in the — Museum."

"I fail to see a third, my friend," replied Sir William, with courtly chilliness. He put his glass to his eye. "Let me see — very interesting, very curious — but, my dear Gregory, I should say centuries later than the carvings to which you allude."

"I will not allow myself to be vexed, Fay," said Doctor Gregory, with great effort controlling the excitement that was gaining upon him, "but — pardon me for saying so — I do not think you are perfectly sincere. My dear fellow, there is something quite unworthy of you in all this."

"My dear Gregory," retorted Sir William, with polite irony unlike the asperity of his more real tone of affection, "let us make short work of this difference between us; let us compare this specimen with the undoubted antiquities in the museum. Come along, I will show you the points of difference."

"Fay!" cried Doctor Gregory, flushing purple, "I am too old to be lectured by you. I am experienced as a scientist. I venture to say that of such antiquities I am a better judge."

"You are too credulous, Gregory, to be a judge. The true scientist approaches every question of the kind with a wholesome incredulity. Now there is old Mr. Goldbeater." Here Sir William Fay indulged in a profane story of the archaeological blunders made by a silly quasi antiquary. Poor Doctor Gregory's temper completely gave way on finding himself ranked with an ignorant amateur. With a snort of indignation, and trembling hands, he packed up the precious fragment into its wrappings, returned it to the bag, and made for the door.

As he held it open, "Fay," he said, in a muffled voice, "this ends our friendship. I came to you in openness of heart, you have returned my confidence with insult. I do not wish to have any further intercourse with you."

He went out, banged the door after him, and left the house.

One evening, a week later, Doctor Gregory was sitting alone in his study. A melancholy was over him. The lamplight glinted on fragments of mosaics, on broken tiles, on bronze weapons steeped to the hilt in the romance of war, on statuettes of visionary mould. The giant lullaby of the past, which so long had soothed him, had been rudely interrupted by the intrusion of the present's pain. He had not heard from Sir William Fay. The sun-dering of the old friendship gave the lonely bachelor acute pain.

Doctor Gregory was going once more over all the details of that quarrel, when the servant announced Sir William Fay's son, Fred.

The elderly gentleman felt a spasm of pleasurable anticipation at his heart. Had

Fred come on a mission of reconciliation? He disguised his emotion as he greeted his guest; pressed hospitable offers upon him, and talked on indifferent topics. He noticed that the young fellow was moody, that his pleasant laugh was silent.

"The governor started on his travels two days ago," observed Fred after a moment's silence. "He and I have quarrelled."

"Quarrelled!" exclaimed Doctor Gregory, not averse to hearing that another had suffered from his friend's temper.

Fred moved uneasily, then he rose, went to the mantelpiece, put his elbow upon it, and turned away his head.

"The fact is I am in love!" He brought out the words with shame-faced abruptness. Then he resumed more naturally, "The governor won't hear of the engagement. If I marry, he says he will cut me off with a shilling."

Doctor Gregory looked at the youth with a blank expression. "Would the match be so unsuitable?"

"Unsuitable! Unsuitable for her. She ought to marry a king!" cried Fred enthusiastically. He was a handsome youth, with a boyish brightness of glance and manner. "But she is willing to have me, and no one can stand in the way. No one!" He spoke with a feverish rapidity peculiar to him when excited.

"What is the objection?" asked Doctor Gregory.

"She has no money. Her father ran through every penny. That is why the governor won't hear of it. But I shall go to the colonies; I shall live in the bush; I will do anything to make my fortune; then come back and marry her."

"What is her name?" asked Doctor Gregory feebly, overwhelmed by that young ardor.

"Amy! I mean Miss Ancelot."

"Amy Ancelot!" repeated Doctor Gregory with sudden emotion.

The young fellow nodded. "Do you know her?"

"Does she live at Manilhurst, in the Vicarage?"

Fred gazed with a perplexed stare. "She lives at Manilhurst, and she is now staying on a visit at the Vicarage."

"It is a delightful old house," said Doctor Gregory, "it stands in a beautiful garden. There is a sun dial, and close to it a seat hollowed out in the wall. A passion flower grows over it."

"There is clematis now," said the youth, still staring.

"You wonder," said Doctor Gregory,

"how I remember that house and that garden so vividly. Twenty-five years ago there lived in it a girl, the most charming I ever saw. Her name was Amy Ancelot."

"Amy Ancelot!" repeated Fred.

Something in the ingenuous and mystified expression of the young man drew from the doctor the secret he had never breathed to mortal ear. "The mother of the girl you love lived there. I loved her."

"But how do you know she was Amy's mother?" asked Fred.

"My Amy married her cousin. She was the vicar's daughter. She continued to live at Manilhurst. She died five years ago."

"That is all true," admitted the young man. He hesitated, then he asked, "How is it you did not marry her?"

"She was very charming," said the old man. "She was charming to everybody. It was part of her nature to charm all those who came near her." Doctor Gregory paused, then continued: "She was incomparably charming. I sometimes thought she cared for me. I was poor. An opportunity presented itself to win distinction, perhaps fortune. You know I had done well at college. I was editing a classical work. A noted explorer offered to take me to Greece. I worked hard under him. I was away two years. My uncle died suddenly, and left me his heir. I returned to England rich and not unsuccessful; but Amy had married."

Fred did not break the silence that followed.

"Has the daughter the same fascination?" asked Doctor Gregory.

"I never saw the mother, sir," replied Fred gently. "I do not know how Amy would strike you. To me she is bewitching beyond all telling."

Doctor Gregory's eyes shone with a moist and tender brightness.

"You must not leave her. Remember my fate, Fred."

"Will you intercede for us with the governor, sir?" said the young man wistfully.

"Intercede! Don't you know that we have quarrelled, Fred?"

"Quarrelled! What about?" exclaimed Fred, amazed.

"About that!" the antiquarian replied, pointing to the fragment of stone.

"About that!" repeated Fred, sticking a glass into his eye, and screwing up his face to keep it in place. "What is the matter with it?"

In his heart the young fellow considered all antiquities so much rubbish. He could

not understand a craze for broken fragments and old pots.

"Matter with it! it is unique!" cried Doctor Gregory, the antiquarian spirit within him blazing up once more.

"I should think it was!" said Fred, gazing with ferocious interest through his eyeglass at the fragment. "Did the governor dispute its antiquity?"

"Dispute it! he ignored it, Fred! He sees nothing in it!" Doctor Gregory's voice shook.

"Ignored it! why it is the most extraordinary fragment I ever saw," said Fred heartily.

"It is, Fred, it is! You are a good lad, Fred!"

"Will you intercede for us with my father, sir?" Fred resumed, letting his eyeglass drop, and looking at Doctor Gregory with a new wistfulness. "It is my last chance of winning his consent. If you will not, I must go to Australia."

"Don't do that, Fred, don't do that. I'll think over it. I'll let you know."

When Fred had gone, Doctor Gregory sat doing nothing. The enchanted past was about him. The air was full of its whispered "might have beens." Why had he never married? Why had he never cared for a woman as he had cared for this one? A restlessness came over the old man. He had never been able to bring himself to visit the place where she had been; he had avoided it in his thoughts. But now a spell seemed to be drawing him to Manilhurst. Still he shrank from the idea of encountering its golden memories. Then a sudden and wild resolution came over him to go and face these haunting and heart-breaking associations; to go and see the girl who exercised over Fred the fascination that her mother had exercised over him.

The next afternoon Doctor Gregory was strolling in the old-world streets of Manilhurst. The haunted feeling he had dreaded was over him, it filled him with a mournful ecstasy that was almost akin to joy. He had expected to find everything greatly changed; everything was exactly as he had left it. The very shadows of the trees in the High Street seemed the same. He remembered how several times she had walked down that street by his side; he almost fancied he could feel the draperies of her skirt brushing against his feet. He entered the church; he found the place where she used to sit. He paused before the great colored window behind the altar; he remembered how they had stood and looked at it together.

She filled the place; it was alive with her presence. It was the most thrillingly alive place he had visited since he left it twenty-five years ago.

He went to the Vicarage, the sun was shining on the lattice window that was hers; he turned away, he could not enter the house yet. Later on he returned, and summoned up courage to knock. Every one, the servant said, was out, except Miss Ancelot. Doctor Gregory sent up his card, and was shown up into the drawing-room. The furniture was not the same he remembered, but there was the bow-window where he and she had often sat together. As he stood dreamily looking around him, the door opened, and a tall, slight girl, dressed in black, entered. Doctor Gregory stared; she was exactly like her mother, she had the same charming eyes, penetrating, yet caressing.

"Perhaps you do not know my name. I was a friend of your mother," he said, with the bluntness of desperation, his heart was beating like a drum.

"Yes, my mother has spoken to me of you, Doctor Gregory, and I am glad to meet you," she replied, holding out her hand.

He took it. "I hope she spoke kindly of me," he said breathlessly, scarcely knowing what he said.

She smiled, but did not answer. It was her mother's entrancing smile, giving to her face the effect of being passingly seen in sunlight.

He moved away. When he turned, she was looking at him with that searching, sympathetic glance.

"You are very like her," he said.

She shook her head. "She was the most beautiful being, and the best. She was an angel."

"No, she was a woman!" he said.

They looked at each other, and he knew that she understood.

They sat down and they talked of her mother. He gathered from what she said that which he had guessed before, that the marriage had not been a happy one. As he watched her, Doctor Gregory recognized that the daughter was not so beautiful as the mother, but she had the same picturesqueness, and her countenance had more determination. He noted also that the expression of the mobile face when at rest was sad. He mentioned Fred's name. Miss Ancelot became very reserved, and he was sure that she grew a little pale.

"Will you not look upon me as an old friend, my dear," he said with a pathetic, flurried smile. "I am a pre-historic

friend; I hope I may speak frankly to you. Are you not engaged?"

"If Fred mentioned our engagement, it was premature," she replied distantly, with a blush.

"Fred is my godson," explained Doctor Gregory with anxious insistence; "it was natural that he should speak to me of what was all important to him."

Still Amy repeated her expression of regret that the engagement had been mentioned.

"There is an obstacle, a great obstacle, my dear," said the old man slowly, putting his hand on hers. "If anything should make you think of parting with Fred, hesitate. In a manner such partings finish a life. I was parted from your mother."

She rested her bright, pitying eyes upon him for a moment, then all her reserve melted.

"I would not part with Fred if I could help it," she said, with a flush and a pallor. "His father has written to me, he disapproves of the engagement. He writes with terrible directness; I cannot express how deeply I am wounded at the tenor of his letter. The large family of daughters he has by his second marriage makes it imperative that Fred should, as shortly as possible, be independent of his help. He is right in saying that with his son's expensive habits a penniless wife would be an inconceivable hindrance to his career. For Fred's sake I must break off this engagement. I must leave this place."

"Don't let it be a break off. Whatever you do, don't let it be a break off," pleaded Doctor Gregory.

"Put yourself in my position," answered the girl, with energy. "What can I do? I cannot, in the face of his father's opposition, keep on this engagement. I have heard of a situation as travelling companion. I shall take it. I must leave Manilhurst. If I did not leave, Fred would never consent to abstain from seeing me."

Dr. Gregory sat in perplexed silence. Loyalty to the friend with whom he had quarrelled kept him dumb; then he said, as with effort, "If Fred would not consent under the circumstances to submit to the honorable necessity of not calling upon you, I admit you had better leave this place."

"I know that he would not; and I too," continued Miss Ancelot, with a quaver in her voice, "confess I am guilty of weakness, perhaps even of doing something very wrong. I am giving Fred a final meeting. I wrote to him that he might

come to-day. I think that I hear his step."

She rose and went to the window. Fred's voice sounded outside. "I will not embarrass this meeting," said the old man, rising, "but, I entreat of you, do not let your decision be final. His father may change if circumstances should change."

He took her hand, and held it with a tender and lingering clasp. He felt his eyes grow moist; he turned and left the room softly, closing the door after him.

On the stairs he met Fred, looking pale and anxious. "Take courage, lad. Let my fate be a warning to you. Do not lose heart," he whispered.

When Fred entered the room he could not at first see Amy. Then she stepped from behind the curtain and confronted him in helpless silence for a moment. He put out both hands, and she took them readily. He was about to draw her nearer to him, but she moved away.

"I have something to say, Fred. You will think me cruel, but it is for the best." She spoke with the hoarse note of emotion in her voice.

"What is for the best?" he asked shortly.

"We must break off our engagement," she panted. "Ah!" she went on, in a supplicating tone, "your father is right. He has written to me. I know a penniless wife would be a millstone hung about your neck."

"I refuse to release you," said Fred harshly.

"You cannot act for yourself in this matter. I must act for you, Fred." Her voice was husky. "We must part, dear Fred. We should never be happy with the shadow of his disapproval between us."

"I should be happy with you whoever disapproved," the young man replied, pale to the lips. Then, with a sudden rage of jealousy, "This is not the reason that you part from me," he cried. "Chisholme is in love with you. I know it. You have walked out twice with him."

"If you think this, so be it," she replied, with a flush. "Let us part."

"No, no, no!" he cried, with a burst of despair.

"Fred," she said gently, "let us trust each other. We may not see each other, but if obstacles can be overcome, we shall overcome them by our constancy."

"I cannot live without seeing you," he cried.

She shook her head without speaking.

He looked at her. Something in the expression of her face chilled his heart. He threw himself down on the sofa, hid his face in the cushions and sobbed. Amy went to him, laid her hand softly on his head. "Your friend, Doctor Gregory, had an intense love for my mother. He loves her still. Let us be like him, Fred, faithful, though apart." With a word and a gentle caress she was gone.

Fred rose; he felt giddy. He wanted to get out into the air. Pulling his hat down over his brows, he strode out into the country. The evening deepened into night, still he tramped on, not caring where he went. When at last he stopped walking through sheer fatigue, the dawn was breaking through the sky. He found that he had retraced his steps, and that he was just outside the Vicarage garden. The steadfastness of the pale stars still keeping their watch, the amity of the morning, sank into his heart and spoke to him of patience. He remained leaning against the low wall, gazing up at her window. The village folk early astir looked curiously at him. He went swiftly to the station and caught the first train up to London. A few hours later he was in Doctor Gregory's study.

The old man looked anxiously at him. "Well?" he asked.

"Our engagement is broken off," said Fred, in a voice that had lost all its hopefulness.

"What! are you mad?" cried the old man, with a burst of anger. "Do you mean to say that you took the girl at her word? You have allowed your engagement to be broken off finally?"

"It was her wish," answered Fred.

"Her wish," repeated Doctor Gregory, with a gesture of despair. "But don't you see what you have done? The girl loves you. Her pride is wounded, and you have allowed a decision, taken in a moment of just resentment, to influence your two lives. You have simply thrown away your chance of happiness—your single chance."

"I know it," replied Fred, with a groan. "What could I do?"

"What could you do?" echoed Doctor Gregory. "You should have agreed to part from her for a time, but you should have made her understand that you held the engagement between you as indissoluble. Fool! to have thrown away the peerless chance of happiness that comes but once to a man in his life!" The doctor walked restlessly about the room, muttering, "The girl's resolution to re-

main faithful will grow chill and cold. She will lose her trust in you." Then, pausing in front of Fred, "Go to her at once," he cried.

"Go to her," repeated Fred breathlessly. "Do you really advise me to go to her when she has herself sundered the tie between us?"

"Yes, go to her, go to her at once. Tell her you are ready for a while to hold no communication with her during a period of ordeal. Be ready to keep loyally to that promise, but let there be no breaking off between you."

"Be sure that you are advising me right," said Fred; "for what you counsel I will do."

"Go," repeated Doctor Gregory.

Fred caught the midday express. As the train sped along, his hopes, fears, aspirations raced more quickly yet. Would the train never reach the goal where there awaited him the sight of the girl he loved? At Manilhurst he madly tore down the road that led to the Vicarage. He pulled furiously at the bell. "Miss Ancelot," he said, as the door opened.

"Miss Ancelot is gone, sir. She left an hour ago," the servant replied.

"Gone!" The shock staggered Fred. "Where is she gone?" he asked.

"We do not know, sir; she left no address with us. The vicar is at home. Would you like to see him?"

Fred was shown into the study. The vicar received him with suave coldness. He confirmed the servant's report. Miss Ancelot had left an hour ago. He was not at liberty to tell where she had gone. He had given his word not to divulge her secret. No entreaties or remonstrances of Fred could persuade the reverend gentleman to throw any light on Miss Ancelot's movements. It was her intention, he understood, to leave England shortly. In conclusion, the vicar exhorted the young man to submit to his father's wishes, and to respect Miss Ancelot's desire to be forgotten. His manner brought an added bitterness to Fred's heart. Towards midnight Dr. Gregory received another visit from Fred.

"She is gone! For God's sake can you tell me where she is?" the young man cried incoherently.

"I can tell you nothing of her," said Doctor Gregory, looking away.

"It cannot be simply because of my father's disapproval that she has left me. I don't believe it," cried Fred.

"Hush! Do not cast a slur upon her," said Doctor Gregory sternly. "Be brave,

be firm!" he continued, as the young fellow turned away. "Fred, she has done this for your sake, do not let her have to despise you."

"I shall leave England at once; there is nothing to detain me," said Fred, with a heart-sick groan.

The doctor went to him and laid a hand upon his arm. "Decide nothing for the present; the mystery may clear up, Fred. I am setting off on a journey. Promise to take no important step until I return."

"For the sake of our old friendship," Doctor Gregory pleaded, as Fred did not answer, "promise not to leave England until I return, or, at any rate, until the end of the year."

"I promise, if you wish it," said Fred, walking blindly about the room.

During the weeks that followed Fred's life was one continued effort, first to find her, then to forget her. In both objects he signally failed. Sometimes he thought that the breaking off of his engagement was an illusion — a wild trick of his brain. Sometimes a shapeless torment of jealousy seized him. Temptations to drown his sorrow in forgetfulness beset him, but always the sainted thought of his love restrained him as he hovered on the brink of moral ruin. Once he called on the vicar, but the reverend gentleman had not heard from Miss Ancelot, and had lost all clue to her whereabouts. He wrote to his father, but received no answer. From Doctor Gregory there came no sign. All enjoyment died out of Fred's life. He avoided his friends. Then once more the longing to leave England seized him, to get away from all that reminded him of her. He remembered his promise to wait till the end of the year; but he took his passage for Brisbane on a ship sailing on the first of January.

Christmas was passed, and the last week of the old year was a few days old when he received a note from Doctor Gregory, announcing his return, and asking Fred to come up that evening to have a talk. There was not a word of Miss Ancelot in the note.

"Talk! we have had enough talk and to spare," thought poor Fred dejectedly. At the appointed hour, however, he made his way to the doctor's house, and entered the study unannounced. On the threshold he paused. Doctor Gregory had another guest. Fred recognized his father, standing with his back to the fire.

"Well, how are you, sir?" said Sir William Fay, without stretching out his hand to his son. An expression of pity

softened the sternness of his glance. Fred looked pale and baggard.

Doctor Gregory shook hands with him with radiant fussiness. "You see my old friend and I have made it up," he exclaimed, patting Sir William Fay on the shoulder. The doctor struck Fred as altered; he appeared worn and thin. As Fred glanced from one to the other a wild hope seized him. It fell under the chilliness of his father's glance.

"I have heard bad reports of you, sir, of the neglect of your work, of your wildness. Take care, you may presume too much on being my only son," said Sir William.

"I shall presume on it no more, sir. I am going out of England in a few days."

"You are going to the dogs, sir, that is where you are going," growled Sir William, deliberately surveying his son through his spectacles.

"Going to the dogs!" repeated Fred bitterly. "I would have gone there sure enough, but for the thought of the girl from whom you parted me."

"Pshaw! she left you of her own free will. She wrote a most sensible letter, sir, an admirable letter. She saw the force of my decision. Forget her as she has forgotten you."

"She has not forgotten me!" cried Fred, with energy. "It was her love which impelled her to leave me. She would not drag me down by poverty."

A thousand doubts had rent his heart during those terrible weeks, now they lay dead at his feet, as he proclaimed Amy's truth.

"Go in there, sir," commanded Sir William in scathing tones, pointing to the door of another room, "and judge for yourself if she has not forgotten you."

"Yes, yes, judge for yourself," repeated Doctor Gregory, opening the door and pushing Fred inside.

He saw her standing there. She looked appealingly towards him.

"What does it mean?" gasped Fred, putting his hand to his forehead.

"It means," Amy said brokenly, "that if you wish it still, Fred, if you wish it, we can be married."

"If I wish it!" he repeated, and he caught her in his arms.

"Doctor Gregory has done it all! That dear man, for love of my mother, has done it all," she said, as soon as she could speak. "He journeyed all the way to that place in Asia Minor to see your father, to plead with him for us. He fell ill, he nearly died on the way, but he won his consent

to our marriage. And oh, Fred, he has adopted me! He has taken me to be his daughter. I am to come to you no longer as a dowerless bride. I shall not hang like a millstone round your neck."

What Fred replied it is needless here to record.

"Well! has she or has she not forgotten you?" inquired Sir William Fay, thrusting his head in through the door. His genial voice was a contrast to the surliness of his former tone.

Walking in, he stretched out his hand. "Come, lad, forgive me," he said. "I did not know you could care for anything so much. Somehow, I thought of you as a fop only, Fred."

"To a fop I would not give the girl I love dearly, for her own sake, more dearly yet for that of another!" said Doctor Gregory in a moved voice. He had entered the room behind his friend. Taking Amy's hand he put it into that of Fred.

Later on, during the evening, Sir William Fay, standing with his back to the fire, suddenly exclaimed: "Gregory, that is a most remarkable fragment, most remarkable! Where did you pick it up?"

"That is the fragment we quarrelled about," replied Doctor Gregory.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Sir William, examining the stone more closely with his short-sighted gaze. "Where were my eyes? A most remarkable fragment, of undoubted and great antiquity, I should say a fragment almost unique of its kind."

"I knew it, I knew you would think so, Fay, if you would examine it," Doctor Gregory said, tears standing in his eyes, as he shook hands with his friend.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SKETCHES FROM EASTERN TRAVEL.

VI.

THREE DAYS' EXPEDITIONS TO MIZPEH, BETHLEHEM, AND HEBRON.

ONE of the most satisfactory points about Palestine travelling is the absence of carriage roads, which, even about Jerusalem, are so few that most expeditions must be made on horseback, whereby one is enabled to become far more thoroughly acquainted with the country than is possible while one is boxed up in a thing on wheels. Three days spent thus in the open among the Judean hills will be ever memorable to our friends the travellers. One of these is spent in an expedition to

the highest point among the hills about Jerusalem, and the most conspicuous feature in the surrounding scenery. This height, 3,006 feet above the sea-level, is now called Neby Samwil, but is believed to be the site of the ancient Mizpeh of Benjamin, which, if indeed situated in this exalted position, well deserved its name of "the Watch-tower."

The progress thither—of about eight miles in a north-westerly direction—is one of the roughest, rockiest, most break-neck rides that our friends have ever experienced. It is sad to see the desolation of those stony hillsides once carefully cultivated in terraces, which in many places still remain. The incident of the ride which most interests the English travellers is the sight of a long-robed shepherd wearing an outer cloak of brown goat's-hair material. He is walking along a rocky track on the hillside, and is followed by his flock of dark-brown sheep and goats.

"One can hardly understand," says Philippa, "that familiar imagery about sheep and shepherding until one has seen an Eastern shepherd leading his sheep over these difficult mountain-paths; and that figure of separating the sheep from the goats becomes far more significant when one has seen these Oriental flocks, in which, at a little distance, the two are quite indistinguishable."

The shepherd is a little distance now in advance of his flock, and, turning back, calls to them to follow. And "the sheep know his voice," it seems, for his shout is immediately followed by a bleating response.

After some two hours of slow riding, or rather climbing, over rocky hills, the travellers approach Mizpeh, which, as early as the sixth century, was erroneously identified with Ramah or Ramathaim-Zophim, the place of the birth, home, and death of Samuel, whose name is preserved in the modern Neby Samwil. Before ascending the steep hill they visit a rock-hewn cistern with a spring, supposed by some to be the pool of Gibeon whereat Abner and Joab met of old, and Abner proposed a game between their respective followers, which same game being played after a very earnest fashion, "the battle was very sore that day, and Abner was beaten, and the men of Israel, before the servants of David."

At last the horses heroically brave the final ascent, and our travellers reach the summit, where they visit the little mosque, once a Crusaders' church, which marks the traditional though not actual tomb

of Samuel. Ascending the minaret, they attain at last to the chief object of their visit, one of the most notable views in all the Holy Land. To describe it were almost to enumerate all places of interest in central Palestine. All around, the rocky hillsides are crowned with villages long familiar by their ancient names. Northward lie Gibeon, Gederah, and Beeroth; to the north-east is Geba, and near it that Ramah of Benjamin where it seems that the captives assembled in Nebuchadnezzar's time, when setting out on their sad journey to Babylon, — wherefore Jeremiah speaks of Rachel, the ancestress of the tribe of Benjamin, as weeping there over her unhappy children: "A voice is heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping, Rachel weeping for her children; she refuseth to be comforted for her children, because they are not." Almost at their feet to the eastward lies the ancient Hazor, while far away across the valley of the Jordan (which, from its great depth, is invisible) rise the mountains of Moab and Gilead. South-eastward lies Jerusalem, with her surrounding hills. Farther south is the Frank Mountain, the site of Herod the Great's city of Herodia, and also, saith tradition, of a gallant resistance of the Crusaders, who, if we are to believe it, held this position (without water, apparently) for forty years after Jerusalem was lost. Southward, too, still called Beit Lahm, is Bethlehem Ephratah, just within the territory of Judah, but close to the border of Benjamin, and so near to Rachel's tomb that she might well be represented as weeping over the SS. Innocents' death. But the most beautiful view of all is that to the north-west, where, far away and far, far below, is spread, as softly blue as the sunlit sea beyond, the expanse of the rich plain of Sharon, over which the eye wanders on, past Ramleh and Lydda, away and away to Joppa and the sea; while far to the northward some say they can even descry the faint blue outline of "Carmel by the sea." And half the points of interest have not been so much as mentioned. It is a view to be seen, not described! As soon as our friends can tear themselves away from it, they descend to sit in the shade of the mosque and eat their picnic luncheon. Whereupon they begin gradually to realize in what manner of place they are. They think no more of the mosque and that rubbishy little village of which barely a dozen houses are inhabited, but rather of the ancient Mizpeh of the time of the Judges, the central meeting-place of all

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Israel. One by one those great assemblies rise up in the imagination, but most vivid of all is that solemn meeting when Israel had said, "Set a king over us," and the lot fell on Saul the son of Kish; but he, who in those days was "little in his own sight," "had hid himself among the stuff," and had to be fetched thence to be introduced to his subjects.

It will readily be believed that the travellers have not been long at Jerusalem before they devote a day to the Christian town of Bethlehem, about six miles to the south of the city. Accompanied by the sister, they ride forth one morning, skirt the north wall of Jerusalem till they reach the western angle, and then turn southward. The valley of Hinnom is soon left behind, and they enter that of Rephaim, riding just on the border between Benjamin and Judah.

It is not long before the travellers reach the Well of the Wise Men, an ancient, rock-hewn well by the roadside. The sister, being appealed to for an explanation of the name tells a curious old tradition. "The wise men," she says, "when they came forth from Jerusalem, saw not the star that had guided them heretofore; and being greatly in doubt concerning the way, they wandered along this road till they came to the well, and there they sat them down and wist not what to do. But as they looked down into the water, [they beheld the star reflected therein; and when they looked upward, behold it led them on as aforetime. 'And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.'"

Farther on is seen on the left of the road what is called by Christian folk the Field of Pease. The sister is again appealed to for an explanation, and once more delights her friends with a little of her legendary lore. "Once on a time," says she, "the Blessed Virgin with her Child in her arms, was walking in that field, and seeing the owner thereof sowing pease, she said gently, 'We are very hungry; pray thee give us some of thy pease to eat.' 'I have no pease,' answered the man roughly. 'These are but stones — thou canst not have them.' Then the Virgin bowed her head and said meekly, 'So be it.' And lo! when the pease sprang up, they bore stones instead of fruit. And to this day may be seen, in that same field, small round stones resembling pease."

The next object of interest is Rachel's tomb, where our friends dismount to rest.

The present building is not ancient, having been erected by the Moslems; but as to the identity of the site, Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans are all agreed. And the place of it agrees with the notice in Genesis: "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath (the same is Bethlehem)." Accordingly, Bethlehem is full in view, hardly a mile away. The travellers are interested to find, close to the tomb, an ancient well, which perhaps may have been what induced Jacob to pitch his tent in this place.

Remounting their horses, our friends go on their way, and at last approach the "city of David." Perched high on its rocky ridge, the village may well look nearly the same now as in the old days of Ruth and her great-grandson David. But Ruth and David are forgotten by all who enter Bethlehem for the first time, even as they were forgotten by the pious Paula, who, when visiting the place with St. Jerome, said,* with mingled tears and joy, "Hail Bethlehem, House of Bread! where was born the true Bread which came down from heaven. Hail, Ephrata, the Fertile, whose fruit is God!"

Our travellers visit first the Well of David, of which it is believed that David spoke when, the garrison of the Philistines being then in Bethlehem, "David longed and said: Oh that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem, that is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David." And David, with that fine perception (doubly wonderful in those days), from which alone we might have known him to be a poet, saw that the water obtained at such cost of peril was too precious an offering for any but the highest use,—"and he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord."

They then make their way to the huge mass of buildings, which consists of the Church of the Nativity and three convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian. The church, the oldest in the world, was builded by St. Helena in the year 327. The nave and aisles of the present church are the only part that dates from that time. This portion belongs alike to the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, and is left by all bare and unadorned. Its four ranges of monolithic limestone columns, of the Corinthian

order, must have come from some older classic building, and may even once have formed part of the porches of Herod's temple. The present roof of this ancient church is of English oak, an offering made by Edward IV.

Passing through the nave, the travellers reach the choir, which belongs partly to the Greeks, partly to the Armenians; and thence descending into the crypt, find themselves in the grotto, which, ever since the second century, has been revered as the birthplace of our Lord. There is, of course, nothing remarkable (especially in the East) in the fact that the cave may have been used as a stable (the sister herself has a Bethlehem friend who keeps a donkey in one of the limestone grottos of the place), and in any case so old a tradition is not to be lightly dismissed. This Chapel of the Nativity is thirteen and one-half yards long, four yards wide, and ten feet high. At the east end, in a recess under an altar, there has been let into the pavement a silver star (symbolizing the Star of the Magi), and round it is the inscription "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Opposite this recess is another, in which it is said that St. Helena found the manger (now in Rome) in which the Holy Child was laid. This has been replaced by a marble copy. The whole of the cave is hung with rich silks; though here and there a space is left, that the original wall of the grotto may be seen. There are few (let us hope) who will not sympathize with the loving care expended on the beautifying of this sacred place; and though all this adornment is maybe not in accordance with our severe English taste, yet we must endeavor to pity and make allowance for such folk as are not English, poor things—the wise men, for instance, who once brought very costly offerings to a very humble place.

Our friends visit the adjoining Chapel of the Magi, which rather unfortunately perpetuates the belief that it was to the Grotto of the Nativity that they came (whereas St. Matthew distinctly speaks of "the house," and the Holy Family would probably have moved from the stable long before their visit). Northward a subterranean passage leads to the Chapels of St. Joseph and the Holy Innocents, and thence to the grotto where St. Jerome lived with great austerity and labored with great diligence for thirty-five years, and whence he sent forth the Vulgate translation, as well as many other literary works. Hard by are the tombs of St. Jerome and his two pious and learned friends, Paula and her

* From the Life of St. Jerome. By the Rev. E. L. Cutts, D.D. (S.P.C.K.)

daughter Eustochium. Leaving the subterranean grottos, the travellers ascend to the Latin Church of St. Catherine, which is chiefly modern. Before leaving the church they ascend the tower, and gain a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

They next visit a grotto wherein the Holy Family is said to have rested when setting forth to Egypt, after which they ride to the Grotto of the Shepherds some little distance east of the town. From this cave it is said that the shepherds were watching their flocks when the angel brought them the good news of the Nativity. Near it has been enclosed a field (traditionally called the Field of Boaz) in which it is believed that Ruth once gleaned among the corn. This is the last site visited by our friends, who conclude the day by a pleasant ride back to Jerusalem in the glow of the setting sun.

One more day shall be briefly described, — that devoted to an expedition to Hebron, a visit made by our friends nearly at the end of their stay in Jerusalem. Hebron, originally called Kiriath-Arba, is in the territory of Judah, about twenty miles to the south-west of Jerusalem. The travellers again follow the road, which for some distance lies on the border between Benjamin and Judah, pass Rachel's tomb, and, leaving Bethlehem on the left, continue their way through the hill-country till they reach the Burak, those famous reservoirs known as Solomon's Pools. There are three of them, massive structures built one below the other, so that the water flows from the first down into the second and thence into the third. The lowest, which is the finest of the three, is one hundred and ninety-four yards long, sixty-nine yards in greatest breadth, and in some places forty-eight feet deep. They are connected with Jerusalem by an aqueduct, which, like the pools, is of great antiquity. The origin of these works is uncertain, but they are with probability attributed to Solomon, who is supposed to allude to them in the words: "I made me pools of water, to water therefrom the forest that bringeth forth trees."

Continuing their journey, the travellers reach at length their destination, the town of El Khalil, the ancient Hebron. It stands in the Valley of Eshcol, whence that famous cluster of grapes was carried off by Joshua and the rest of the spies, and where the vine is still cultivated and grows better than elsewhere in Palestine.

The travellers go first to a large stone

building which calls itself a hotel, remarkable for its Oriental absence of furniture. Here they ask for a room in which to eat their luncheon, a request which is readily granted by the landlord, aged sixteen, a Jewish lad of quite abnormal intelligence. He is fully capable of managing the establishment, and is in all things to be relied on, though, if you take him at unawares, you may perhaps find him, with a few select friends, engaged in a bolstering match. He undertakes to show his visitors the sights of Hebron, and they presently set forth under his guidance. On their way to visit Abraham's oak, they make a short cut through a vineyard where they have an opportunity of examining an Eastern wine-press, a rectangular trough hewn in the rock. In it some rain-water has collected, wherein float the skins of last year's grapes. This wine-press is a small specimen, and there is only room for two treaders to work at once. Not far off is the little watch-tower in which, when the grapes are ripening, the owner takes up his abode with his household, that a sharp lookout may be kept against prospective thieves. Our friends will now find more intelligible those words of the parable: "There was a certain householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-press in it, and *built a tower.*"

Abraham's oak (supposed to stand on the site of that under which Abraham spread his tent and entertained angels) is a venerable old terebinth, and is, moreover, the last representative of the ancient oaks of Mamre. Having admired the hoary giant, our friends climb the neighboring height to the Greek hospice, from the roof of which they look at the same view as that seen by Abraham when, from this or one of the surrounding heights, "he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the land went up as the smoke of a furnace."

The most interesting object in Hebron is that building to which our travellers now repair, and which, beyond all manner of doubt, covers that cave of Machpelah which Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite (that thoroughly Oriental bargainer, with his speeches of boundless politeness and his eye to the main chance), the sepulchre of Sarah, Abraham, Isaac, Rebecca, and Leah, and wherein no doubt still reposes the mummy of Jacob. It is now in the hands of the Mohammedans, who iniquitously exclude therefrom not only Christians but Jews also. All that our

travellers are allowed to do (and that probably not without some uncompromising Arabic curses) is to advance near enough to the entrance to enable them to put their hands through a hole in the masonry, and feel the rock of the cave. This is an interesting ceremony, and, moreover, if you are very fortunate, you may chance to find, by feeling for it, a Hebrew letter to Father Abraham, written by one of his present descendants, and posted to him through this hole in the wall. Only, pray, be sure to replace it carefully.

Somewhat disconsolately the travellers wander round this outer wall, which is ancient Jewish handiwork, and contains huge stones with drafted edges, from twelve to thirty-eight feet long. Then, having explored the narrow lanes of the town and seen something of the primitive manufacture of glass ornaments (apparently the chief industry of modern Hebron), they set forth on their return journey.

This is the last expedition made by our friends from Jerusalem. Their departure on the camping journey has been fixed for Easter Monday, and already Cæsar is busily employed in engaging men, horses, and mules to accompany them. At the father's suggestion, the little company includes Yuseph, who, whenever in the streets of Jerusalem he meets any of our travellers, beams with unspeakable delight. Indeed, as Philippa observes, the father now finds himself "at the head of a tribe," and cannot appear at the hotel door but he is immediately pounced upon by half-a-dozen mighty Syrians, who insist on helping him to mount his steed, protesting that they are "all his servants." All the arrangements are made and all expenses defrayed by the experienced Cæsar, who bids fair, in the organization of his little army, to rival the genius of his namesake the illustrious Gaius. A contract is drawn up by which he undertakes to conduct the seven travellers through the country, feed them, and supply them with every possible comfort, for the sum of £7 per day, which includes all expenses whatsoever. Finally the contract is signed, and the day of departure approaches.

VII.

A DAY'S JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM.

It is the morning of Easter Monday. Preliminaries are over, and at about ten o'clock our travellers leave Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, and set forth on their jour-

ney through the country. Their first halt is at the so-called Tombs of the Kings, an elaborate rock-hewn mausoleum on the southern bank of the Valley of the Kidron. These tombs were at one time supposed to be those of the kings of Judah, and M. de Saulcy even pointed out the very slab which formed the cover of David's sarcophagus; but, alas! this slab has since been proved to date from a time more modern than that of Constantine. The mausoleum has now been identified as that of Queen Helena, a Proselyte of the Gate in the first century of our era. She was the widow of Monobazus, king of the Assyrian province of Adiabene, and lived at Jerusalem. During the famine in the reign of Claudius (that same famine predicted by Agabus in Acts xi. 28) she showed great liberality in relieving the sufferings of the poorer Jews. Her tomb (which she caused to be prepared during her lifetime) is mentioned by Josephus, Pausanias, Eusebius, and Father Hierome, and the details given by those writers agree with the situation of these Tombs of the Kings.

Our friends explore with candles the rock-hewn chambers and passages; but what interests them most is the "rolling stone" which closes the entrance to the tombs. It is a flat circular slab of considerable thickness and great weight, working in a groove cut in the rock. As this groove is inclined upward from the opening, it would require great force to roll the stone aside so as to effect an entrance. The slab is exactly and smoothly cut, fitting nicely into its place, so that it could easily be secured by a seal to the rock of the actual entrance. Such a stone may well have covered the opening of that other rock-hewn tomb, and a sight of it gives a natural and intelligible meaning to the question: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

Leaving the tombs, our friends ascend Mount Scopus by the old Damascus road (which is no road now, only a rocky mountain-track), treading in some places the ancient Roman pavement (now rough and dilapidated) once passed over by St. Paul on his memorable journey.

"I suppose he, too, went to Damascus on horseback," says Sebaste doubtfully.

"How else could he have gone?" says Sophia. "Can you not imagine the clatter of his horse's hoofs as he galloped over these very paving-stones? I am sure he went at the top of his speed on that occasion; and 'those that were with him' (*i.e.*, his muleteers with the baggage) had to keep up as best they might."

"Our last sight of Jerusalem!" exclaims the sister presently; and all the riders stop and turn to gaze down for the last time on the Holy City, which they may never see again. What is the last view for them is the first for such pilgrims as approach Jerusalem from the north, and they have memorialized it by the erection of sundry little pillars built up of loose stones, not unlike those used for landmarks * between the slips of land belonging to different owners.

"It is an old Fellahin custom," says the sister, "to erect memorial pillars; and I suppose Jacob's pillar at Bethel was much like these, except that it consisted of a single stone."

Onward once more fare the travellers, and presently Cæsar the dragoman points to a village perched high on a hill. "That, ladies," says he, "is Gibeah of Saul."

"It deserves its name of Gibeah," says Sophia, the Hebrew scholar. "It is unmistakably a city on a hill."

"Go on, Sophia," says Sebaste; "it is a well-known fact that you have by heart the whole of that voluminous 'Treasury of Bible Knowledge' which you packed up in your bag this morning (I pity the mule who carries it!), so you must hold forth, please."

"I don't remember much about that town, though," says Sophia, "except that, before Saul's time, it is called Gibeah of Benjamin. It was here that there was that terrible massacre of the tribe of Benjamin in the time of the Judges; and in the account of it, the warriors living in Gibeah are said to be 'seven hundred chosen men.' Saul lived there, and Jonathan once held it with one thousand men against the Philistines."

"Well done!" says the sister; "you are an inexhaustible fund of information. Now there, on that other hill, are the ruins of the ancient Nob. Some one must really tell us what happened *there*."

Philippa suggests that the Tabernacle was there in Saul's days, and that it was at this place that David ate the shewbread, and obtained from Ahimelech the priest the sword of Goliath.

All this time Neby Samwil, the Mizpeh of Samuel's days, is full in view on its lofty summit some distance to the west.

With so many places of interest to see and discuss, the morning flies away, and the wanderers find themselves at the khan of the village of Bîreh, which Cæsar says

* "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark" must have been a much-needed law when that landmark consisted merely of a few loose stones.

is a suitable place for the midday rest. Here he sets forth for their delectation a charming repast, which they eat seated on rugs on the stone terrace in the shade of the building.

"This is the ancient Beeroth," says Cæsar, and every one turns to Sophia for further information. Whereupon she draws out of her satchel a small Bible, finds the ninth chapter of Joshua, and reads aloud the story of the Hivite cities — Gibeon and Chephirah, and Kiriath-jearim, and this same Beeroth — how the people "did work wilily" that they might make a treaty with Joshua, and escape the impending destruction; how they "went and made as if they had been ambassadors, and took old sacks upon their asses, and wine-skins, old and rent and bound up; and old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old garments upon them; and all the bread of their provision was dry, and was become mouldy. And they went to Joshua unto the camp at Gilgal, and said unto him, and to the men of Israel, We are come from a far country; now therefore make ye a covenant with us," — and how eventually "Joshua made them that day hewers of wood and drawers of water for the congregation, and for the altar of the Lord."

"There is a further interest about this place," says the sister, "for there is a tradition that it was here that the Holy Child was missed by his parents as they were returning from the feast. You know, even now, travellers often rest here the first night after leaving Jerusalem. I suppose, too, that the khan of those days where the travellers would probably rest would be likely to stand on the same site as this present one. But now we must go and explore that beautiful ruin, which is a Gothic church dating from the days of the Crusaders, and built by the Knights Templars."

On the way to the ruin, the travellers are followed by six or seven pretty little girls, dark-eyed, and with bright, glowing faces, who hover about them in timid wonder and curiosity, like so many shy little birds. Their tiny bare feet trip lightly over the rough stones, and they dart about with wonderful grace and activity, sometimes venturing to stretch out a gentle little hand and wonderingly touch the marvellous and outlandish dress of one or other of the ladies. As for their own dresses, they are old and worn, but bright-colored still, and a thousand times more picturesque and graceful than any European garb.

"Oh look, Miss Philippa," says Elizabeth, "at this child's headdress!" And putting aside the little girl's veil, she brings to light a roll of large silver coins threaded close together and bound round the head, closely surrounding the little forehead, and forming a very becoming ornament. This is the little maiden's dowry, and the whole of her pecuniary property.

While the horses are being saddled for the afternoon's ride, some of the sisters amuse themselves by watching a group of women (probably the mothers of those merry little girls) who are engaged in washing clothes near the wall of the khan. "How handsome they are," says Irene, "with their dark, bright eyes and rich, glowing color, and how gracefully they group themselves round the water-trough!"

"And how picturesque their bright dresses are!" says Sebaste. "There must surely be something radically wrong about the European mind which makes us all dress so hideously."

"Mount, ladies!" sings out the cheerful voice of the Cæsar, and the cavalcade is soon again on the move. About an hour's march brings the travellers to Beitin, the ancient Bethel, now in ruins, among which appears the little village of modern Arab huts. Irene, who has been studying the guide-book in her palanquin, calls every one's attention to the remains of an ancient reservoir, in the bottom of which, now covered with grass, rise two springs, at which, says Irene, Abraham's cattle used to drink when he had pitched his tent at Bethel, and from which Sarah's maidens used to draw water, as do the Arabesses at the present day.

"I wonder where is the exact spot on which Jacob slept," says Philippa. "Some of those stones on the hillside are really just the right shape for pillows. And I wonder where was the oak under which they buried Deborah, Rachel's nurse; and whether there is anything left of Jereboam's temple, where the man of God from Judah cried against the idolatrous altar; and where is the site of that old prophet's house 'who dwelt in Bethel,' and deceived him to his destruction?"

"And I wonder," chimes in Sophia, "what the town looked like when Elijah and Elisha passed through it on that memorable day of Elijah's departure. But we must stay here for days if we wish to remember half the familiar incidents which happened at Bethel."

"And I am afraid we must really push

on," says the sister, "if we are to reach Turmus Aya to-night."

So onward moves the procession, climbing along rocky hillsides where the great boulders often seem to preclude all possibility of getting the horses past.

"But I believe," says the father, "that these Syrian steeds would think nothing of walking up the dome of St. Paul's, if you set them at it!"

"This is the Valley of Figs, sir," says Cæsar, as the path descends into a deep hollow between the hills.

"The name is appropriate," says Philippa. "How beautiful the fig-trees look in all the glory of their spring greenery, planted all over the hillsides on terraces, and lit up by the westerling sun!"

"Yes," says the sister; "we shall have sunshine every day now, for 'summer is now nigh at hand,' to judge from the fig-tree."

So they ride on through the hill-country, on the border between Ephraim and Benjamin, always intensely interesting, and often ruggedly beautiful; and the sun goes down, and the night is upon them. The sky, which a moment past was aglow with the sunset, now suddenly fills with stars, and still they ride on and on in silence, till they seem, as though in a dream, to have been riding among those desolate hills and valleys for years and years, and likely to go on forever.

At last, far away in the lonely darkness, there appears a faint spark of light. All the baggage (as should have been mentioned before) has been sent on in front, and the travellers begin to strain their eyes through the darkness trying to make out the tents, which they expect to find pitched and ready for them. Nearer and nearer they approach the light, which must assuredly indicate their whereabouts; but suddenly the light begins to move, and walk about, and finally develops into a lantern carried by one of the Syrian folk in charge of the baggage. He has come to meet the cavalcade, and the tents are still nearly a mile away. Guided by the light, which now goes in front, the riders stumble along a rocky track which can scarcely be called a path, until at last, white and ghostlike in the darkness, appear their five tents, and soon the tired wanderers are gathered round the supper-table in their brightly lighted and cosy sitting-room.

This first day is a fair specimen of their three weeks' wanderings between Jerusalem and Damascus. On Sundays they rest; and very delightful is that one day

of stillness, enjoyed alike by the seven travellers, their good Syrians, and the hard-worked steeds. As for that part of their days spent in the tents, it is so charmingly uncanny, so strangely cosy, so peacefully lively, as to be altogether indescribably delightful.

"After such a long course of hotels," says Sebaste, who has quite an unreasonable aversion to those useful edifices, "it really is charming to have a home of our own again!"

VIII.

CAMPING-OUT IN PALESTINE.

As Sebaste observed at the end of the last chapter, our travellers are once more at home, and a very charming home they find it, and tent-life a very enjoyable kind of existence. You are awakened every morning by the bright sunshine trying in vain to make its way through the many-colored roof and walls of your sleeping-tent (for, though white on the outside, the tents are lined with blue, on which are sewn, in elaborate and graceful patterns, pieces of stuff of all the colors of the rainbow); while fascinating beetles and spiders are crawling about in every direction, wild flowers are pushing up their heads between the bright Eastern carpets on the ground, your dear horse is neighing hard by, and all the Syrian folk are talking Arabic at once.

At about 7 A.M. on the first few mornings of the journey, Yuseph (Abu Said) is heard to exclaim "Dinner ready!"—nearly the only English words he knows.

"Breakfast, Yuseph, not dinner," says the father one morning in gentle remonstrance; and ever after, the first meal of the day is laconically announced as "Brex!"

Hereupon the travellers, having packed their bags, emerge from their sleeping-tents, ready equipped for riding (their heads protected from the heat with huge white puggarees), and assemble in the sitting-tent. Long before breakfast is over, the bedrooms have vanished, with all therein contained, and in their stead nothing is to be seen but certain uncouth packages destined for the backs of baggage-mules. Over this scene of destruction preside the two Maronite Christians of the party, Yuseph (Abu Said) and his brother Butrus (Abu Elias), the cook. Be it observed that "Abu" signifies "the father of," it being an Arab custom to call a man to whom you wish to be polite, not by his own name (which is a more familiar

mode of address), but by a kind of surname, consisting of the name of his eldest son with "Abu" prefixed. Whether, as a matter of fact, he has an eldest son, or any son at all, is quite immaterial, for if he should have a son, he will call him after his own father; so that, if you meet the son of 'Ali, you will be quite safe in addressing him as Abu 'Ali, even though he be still a boy and unmarried. Being on the subject of names, we may further remark that the name Butrus, which looks unfamiliar enough to English eyes, is neither more nor less than Petros or Peter, slightly changed through the inability of Syrian lips to pronounce the letter P.

To return to the morning start. Leaving the two Maronite Christians to superintend the packing of the baggage, the riders mount their steeds, who are as fresh and eager as themselves, and set forth in procession. Truly a goodly sight is the cavalcade, as it moves through the cool, clear, morning air and the ceaseless Syrian sunshine. First rides Cæsar (Abu Chaleel), looking exceedingly picturesque in his costume of many bright but harmonious colors, his head protected by a *kefiyeh*—i.e., a shawl of purple silk, put on Bedouin-fashion, and kept in place by a coil of camel's hair. He rides a beautiful Arab steed, likewise bedecked with Arab trappings of many delectable colors. Then follow the riders—the sister, Philippa, Sophia, and Sebaste; and finally advance the palanquins, remarkable and distinguished vehicles patronized by the father and Irene. A palanquin, be it observed, is something between a box and an armchair, and is slung between two mules—one before and one behind. These are conducted by various individuals, of whom the eldest is Mohammad the Druse, and the youngest is Hassan, a very merry young Syrian, who laughs all day long, and makes endless Arabic jokes, which the travellers greatly, though not very intelligently, enjoy. When not otherwise engaged he is generally to be observed playing at hide-and-seek with his own shadow, pelting it with stones, and chaffing it in Arabic.

Beside Irene's palanquin trots Elizabeth, the maid, on a huge black donkey, who is quite one of the characters of the cavalcade, and who, having once made a pilgrimage to Mecca, has very exalted ideas of his own dignity, and is not altogether free from affectation. Indeed he is a highly accomplished donkey, and has such musical tones in his voice that his

bray is the marvel of all his hearers. So proud is he of his vocal accomplishments, that he sometimes serenades the ladies nearly all night, waking them up at intervals with falsetto brayings, and reaching fabulously high notes. Whereupon Irene's dear little grey donkey (on whose back she travels when weary of the palanquin) will chime in with a bass accompaniment, and the two will perform quite an elaborate duet. This distinguished individual is attended by Yuseph the Jew-boy, commonly called Little Yuseph to distinguish him from Abu Said. He is aged seventeen, and is the youngest of the party. Poor Little Yuseph! Why he is so sat upon by the rest is a mystery, but he seems to be always in hot water on one account or another. He has plenty of pluck, however, and sometimes, it is probable, hits pretty hard with his smart speeches.

The procession is closed by Abu Hassan, the master of the horse, who owns nearly all the steeds. He keeps a vigilant eye on the riders, so that if your saddle is loose, and you don't wish to get down and have it rectified, you must ride behind him or a long way in front.

Of course this processional order is not long maintained, but the start is always made in good style. The travellers do from four to five hours' riding in the morning, and very rough riding it is sometimes; but their Syrian horses seem rather to enjoy than otherwise the rocky mountain-tracks which go by the name of roads hereabout, and after laboriously climbing up one side of a mountain shoulder and down the other, will be quite as ready as their riders for a good canter over the deliciously smooth plains which lie between in the valleys.

Somewhere between twelve and one o'clock the travellers generally arrive at some delightfully shady nook, often by a stream of water, surrounded by the lovely wild flowers which grow everywhere in wonderful profusion. Then the riders spring from their saddles and recline on the grass, while forth from Abu Hassan's saddle-bags appear so many good things of the edible kind that one begins to suspect that he is not unacquainted with magic arts, and that those same saddle-bags are one of those enchanted contrivances that the Arabian Nights' heroes used to carry about with them. Bright carpets are spread in the shade for the travellers to sit on round the white tablecloth, which is soon resplendent with metal plates and tumblers. Heartily do

they all pity their unfortunate friends at home in their stuffy dining-rooms, as they luxuriously recline round their hypæthral repast.

After luncheon the sister always makes a charming sketch; but the rest (if there is no ruin to be explored) are generally content, after their hot march, to lie still in the shade and think of nothing. Even Philippa, generally so energetic, has never been known to do anything more violent than making a daisy-chain for El Adham, her coal-black horse, to wear round his huge neck. It scarcely harmonizes with his sinister expression of countenance; but it is touching to see that hard-mouthed steed wearing this graceful token of his mistress's esteem and affection, which, says Philippa, he deeply reciprocates, though he is too strong-minded to show it.

The midday rest generally lasts two hours or more, after which time every one suddenly wakes up, the horses are saddled, and, as soon as their riders are on their backs, they prove themselves as fresh as ever after their rest. So forward once more fare the travellers, riding through scenery which is always intensely interesting and sometimes very beautiful, hardly believing that they are seeing at last with their own eyes all those places (with long familiar names) that it was always so hard to picture to one's self as real towns and villages, mountains and valleys, streams and springs.

When nothing else claims their attention, they are never weary of admiring the wonderful wild flowers. Nearly all our most beautiful garden-flowers seem to grow wild in Palestine ("the Crusaders brought them home to Europe," says the sister),—not here and there in nooks and corners, but everywhere in masses of brilliant color. Over the rockiest mountains grow purple and white cyclamen, crimson anemones, small purple iris, tall hollyhocks, and hundreds more or less familiar but not less beautiful flowers. The grassy slopes are sometimes all ablaze with large golden marguerites, among which rise up stately purple flags quite as large as our cultivated ones. Down in the valleys the "field" is often purple with broad beds of gladiolus, while tall yellow irises skirt the banks of the streams. Every day during the three weeks' journey to Damascus the wanderers come upon new flowers in endless variety of shape and color, till their multitude is quite bewildering.

The afternoon ride lasts from two to

three hours. The midday rest gives the baggage-mules time to come up and pass on to the camping-ground, so that the travellers, on their arrival, find their tents pitched and ready to receive them. Sometimes they come upon them suddenly as they wind round the shoulder of a mountain; sometimes they see them miles away, a mere speck of white on one of the broad green plains.

Arrived at the camp, the travellers are welcomed by Abu Said, who, knowing no language but Arabic, speaks not, but expresses by all manner of signs, and more especially by his beaming countenance, his joy at their safe arrival. He has long ago set out the teacups in the shade of the sitting-tent, and now from the kitchen, where Butrus has been brewing it, forth comes the welcome tea.

The interval between this refectation and sunset is sometimes the most delightful part of the whole day. The Cæsar is wonderfully clever in choosing pretty camping-grounds. Sometimes the tents are nestled among a group of olive-trees; often they are close to a tiny stream of clear water, and surrounded on all sides by the wonderful wild flowers. If there is nothing of special interest to be seen, the sisters stray about near the tents, revelling in beautiful scenery and lovely flowers, and forgetting the fatigue of their long ride. Then, perhaps, Irene will read aloud to the father, who is resting in the sitting-tent, the last contributions to the family journal; while Sophia and Sebaste spread a rug on the grass in the shade of their tent, and recline thereon to read their daily chapter of Greek Testament. The sister, catching sight of them as she sits working at her sketch, whispers to Philippa, reclining at her feet, "What an edifying picture of piety and learning!"

After a time Philippa joins them, and then one of the three reads aloud a few chapters from the Old Testament, which, (like piety and learning with the Greek Testament) they are reading straight through; but in the course of these chapters they invariably come across some allusion to the very place they are in, or at least to that which they rode through yesterday, or the village near which they camped the night before last.

Before they are aware, the shadows grow long, the sunset glows red in the west, the sun dips below the horizon, and suddenly the night has come, and the dark-blue sky is filled with brilliant stars. Star-gazing is now the business of the moment, but too soon are all poetical mus-

ings and high-souled imaginings rudely put to flight by the voice of Yuseph (Abu Said), who suddenly ejaculates, "Dinner ready!" in a peremptory tone of voice which commands attention. This candle-light meal is the cosiest of the day. Abu Said waits at table, and before long the Cæsar appears on the scene, and there ensues a discussion of plans for the morrow. It is now that the emperor appears to greatest advantage. On his shoulders rests all the responsibility of conducting the travellers through the country, feeding them, and providing for their safety; and he soon proves himself fully equal to the task he has undertaken. Yet he is almost the youngest of the whole party, and quite as enterprising and full of fun as befits his boyish years,—indeed, he has once or twice been detected in something very like a romp with dear old Abu Said; but he is as careful and considerate as if he were sixty, and certainly more obliging. When he appears during the evening meal, the sisters seize the opportunity of making all the wild suggestions they can think of, which are received by Cæsar with the utmost gravity, and generally carried out with astonishing success.

If you wish to see the sitting-room at its cosiest, you must peep into it one evening during the interval of an hour or two between dinner and bed time. Outside, the lonely moonlight stillness is broken only by the sound of the jackals and hyenas whining in the distance, but daring not to approach the tents; while inside the tent is brightly illuminated by candles, from which the light falls on the many-colored roof and walls, and on the gorgeous carpets which cover the ground. A beautiful bouquet of flowers is placed in the middle of the table, round which sit the family party on camp-stools. The father and Irene are writing home-letters, which they hope to post at some indefinite point of future time; Sophia (who has an exceedingly topographic mind) is intently studying a map of Palestine; the sister is writing her diary; Sebaste is reading in admiring silence the family journal's latest pages, written by Philippa, who sits opposite hemming the white table-cloth.

Suddenly Sebaste looks up. "Philippa," says she, "when we get home to England, and I write a book about our travels——"

"Another book, Sebaste!" exclaims Philippa. "Why, you have written dozens of books in imagination, and not one of them has come into existence yet."

"I assure you," says Sebaste, "that they

are all, a whole library of them, entirely existent—subjectively, in my own mind. I suppose you don't disbelieve in the reality of subjective existences? For my part, I believe them to be fully as real as objective ones—if not more so."

"She is unbearable!" exclaims Philippa, shuddering. "Just fancy, sister! I distinctly heard her this morning, while we were riding through the Plain of Esdraelon, trying to prove to Sophia that space, like time, is a mere convention, and has no existence except in our own minds—meaning, of course, that she does not care in the least for any of the sacred sites."

"Meaning nothing of the kind!" says Sebaste indignantly. "I believe that a really philosophic mind would appreciate these places more than any other; for though it might possibly be less affected by the identity of space (though I don't see why it should), it would certainly be far less troubled by the discrepancy in time."

"Sebaste really must be suppressed somehow!" says Philippa. "Cannot you say anything to stop her, sister?"

"Our learned friend," says the sister, who can be exceedingly ironical on occasion,— "our learned friend forgets, perhaps, that we have not all, like her, fathomed the depths of Platonic metaphysics, so that we are scarcely capable of appreciating her profound and edifying discourse."

Poor Sebaste looks as thoroughly annihilated as Philippa could wish, and has serious thoughts (by way of hiding her diminished head) of subsiding under the table and staying there. But, with a desperate resolution to brave it out, she turns to Philippa and says deprecatingly, "I only wished to ask you, Philippa, whether (as, for my part, I find tent-life antipathetic to literary activity, and my own diary is in abeyance) I may, in writing my hypothetically-to-be-published book, make use of the family journal, and more especially of your brilliant contributions thereto."

"Oh, certainly!" says Philippa hurriedly; "anything for a quiet life."

"My dears," says the father, looking round at his daughters, "it is nine o'clock, and we are to start early to-morrow."

Whereupon ink-pots are shut and books laid down. Sophia sighs heavily as she folds up her map. "The mountains never will come out right," she says—the first remark that has crossed her silent lips all the evening.

"Take off those spectacles, dear," suggests Sebaste. "You would really get on better without them."

"And be always up in the clouds, like you," retorts Sophia the practical.

Good-nights ensue, and the ladies, leaving the father to sleep in the sitting-tent, emerge into the moonlight, and move away two and two over the dewy grass towards the three bedrooms, star-gazing as they go.

The watch is set, and the rest of the Syrians settle down for the night, the Cæsar makes his final rounds, and his cheerful "Good-night, sir!" "Good-night, ladies!" is the last sound before the little camp finally subsides into silence.

From The Nineteenth Century.

SOME SOCIAL CHANGES IN FIFTY YEARS.

THE amount of interest to others involved in a personal retrospect of the past is always problematical; but these last sped fifty years have left their impress so strongly upon men and manners, things animate and inanimate, and indeed the whole length and breadth of our land, that without venturing into the mystic realms of science, or straying on the overtrodden ground of politics, it may perhaps not be an absolute waste of time to while away an odd moment in tracing a few salient, if not highly important, features of the changes in daily habits, affecting to some extent all classes, within their lapse.

In our public thoroughfares the enormous shop fronts of plate glass, with their attractive exhibitions by day, and the incalculably improved lighting of shops, streets, and houses by night, would probably be the first points to strike the eye of one permitted, after a sojourn of fifty years in the regions of Hades, to return to us for a brief earthly survey; to these, if the eye were really observant, would be added the comparative disappearance from all crowds of faces disfigured by smallpox seams. But against these inestimable benefits must, I fear, be set the increase of spectacle-wearers, and other indications of a decidedly lower sight average. How far this lowered average is to be traced to the substitution in most houses of gas flare for the softer lights of candles and lamps let scientists decide; but the evil seems perceptibly increasing among all ages, and the now general addition of electric light in our dwelling-houses does not appear calculated to exercise a counteracting tendency.

As to the vehicles which filled the streets fifty years ago, the now universal occupant of a coach-house — the brougham — had not yet been brought over from France (where it was known as a *demié fortune*) by the celebrated ex-chancellor to whom it owes its English designation, and who, on importing his own specimen, decorated it below the coronet with so gigantic an initial as to provoke the caustic epigram of "the B. without and the wasp within." Of course, our fast flying hansoms and steady four-wheeled growlers were not then even imagined, the resources of hurried or wearied pedestrians being limited to either the jolting old hackney-coach, so well described by "Boz," or a peculiar-looking cabriolet for two fares, with the driver perched in a little exterior side seat in parallel line with them. Between these superannuated vehicles and the more civilized conveyances in which we rejoice there arose a short interregnum of the so-called "pill-boxes," a species of covered inside car, with the Jehu well in front, and the door well at the rear; but the singular facility thus afforded to an agile and unscrupulous fare of escaping when near his destination, without pausing for the frivolous and vexatious ceremony of payment, soon closed the career of the pill-boxes on wheels.

It is, perhaps, idle — or worse — to lament the decrease of mere luxurious pomp, but an inspection of the long lines of carriages of all kinds filing in slow procession to the Palace on drawing-room days brings vividly to the mind the trite saying that "quantity is not quality." Where, indeed, are now such resplendent coaches, chariots, and *vis-à-vis* as those of the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Chesterfield, Jersey, Craven, Wilton, Foley, and some others whose turns-out defied criticism in every detail, from the arched heads of the horses to the silken stockings of the footmen? One only thoroughly worthy rival and successor to them in our day can I cite in the perfectly appointed châriot and steeds that bore the Duke of Châf and his bride on their marriage-day from Buckingham Palace back to Marlborough House.

Passing from the road to the rail, it is amusing to remember how, fifty years back, all the fine old Conservative, and in truth nearly all the good old Liberal landlords also, spent an immense amount of energy and determination in securing the remoteness of local railway stations from their ancestral homes and parks. Within a dozen years they displayed it quite as actively in achieving a diametrically oppo-

site result, as the urgency of fresh fish supplies and other domestic exigencies grew prominently into notice. One detail, however, remains to be deplored — viz., the impossibility, generally speaking, of bringing these newly arisen stations at all into line with the original grand approaches of large country houses, in consequence of which visitors are habitually brought to the door by a more direct but rather sneaking side drive, ignoring altogether the great avenues of lime, elm, or beech along which it was the just pride of our forefathers to pass from the London-road lodge to their respective thresholds. But a far more tangible grievance than this somewhat fantastic evil lies in the palpable fact of the extent to which the happy hunting-grounds of one's youth are becoming yearly more and evermore circumscribed by the progressive march of "sleepers" and the increasing network of railway lines.

When, fifty years ago, Louis Philippe filled the throne of France, his ambassador, the Marquis de St. Aulaire (a charming silver-haired specimen of the old grand seigneur type), dwelt at Hertford House, in Manchester Square, not at Albert Gate, where the present domicile of the French Embassy, having, like its opposite neighbor, remained long untenanted after its erection, the two houses became known in society as "Gibraltar and Malta, which never will be taken." The explanation of these sobriquets was, however, frequently curtailed, whereby great and long was the mirth excited once at White's by the naïve exclamation of a popular and handsome rather than preternaturally acute young Guardsman: "Well, hang me if I can see the fun of calling those houses Gibraltar and Malta because they can't be let!" That the schoolmaster was not as much abroad in the army in those days as he certainly is in ours was still further evinced by the same dashing hero, who, when shown on his way through Aix-la-Chapelle the great historical monument of that town, burst forth on reading its inscription into the loud, unsophisticated query: "And pray who the something *was* Carolo Magno?" Let me hasten to add that later on, in time of trial, this gallant officer responded, like his comrades, to the call of duty in camp and battlefield, showing himself no unworthy scion of a race well fitted to make their country "glorious with their sword" if not exactly "famous by their pen."

The Aix-la-Chapelle monument with its inscription recalls to me some lines I

once heard quoted at dinner as emanating from the pen of a distinguished judge, which lines, albeit not strictly relevant to my present subject, and founded, I imagine, upon a misconception, carry, I think, their own recommendation on the score of intrinsic merit. In the cathedral of one of our southern cities, the family monument of a ducal house is, I understand, inscribed "Domus ultima;" the learned baron who visited the cathedral, taking exception at, and probably misinterpreting the true sense of, this announcement, gave judgment thereupon in the following epigram:

Did he, who thus inscribed this wall,
Not read or not believe St. Paul,
Who said there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not made with hands?
Or must we gather from those words
That house is not a House of Lords?

A forecast of the future and of the place to be one day filled by his son-in-law, both in the country and in that deprecated House of Lords, would possibly have modified the latent acerbity of this otherwise admirable sextain.

The "vicissitudes of White's," with that dreaded hotbed of gossip, its bow window, past which no "lady of quality" ever suffered her coachman after midday to drive her; the innumerable stories connected with its (rigidly exclusive) members, do not properly belong to these pages, but exception may perhaps be made in favor of the reply of a noble lord, equally distinguished as a brilliant writer, and as what the French euphuistically term *une jolie fourchette*, who, when discovered by a friend enjoying alone his Christmas dinner with a fattened turkey before him, on being asked if he did not consider that rather a large order for one, answered effusively: "Yes, it is; that's the mischief; it ain't enough for two, and it's just too much for one!"

This characteristic remark, however, although not of a very recent past, does not reckon quite so far back as a fifty years' stretch; neither does the curious, yet, as the experience of all periods shows, by no means unique, episode of the frenzied notoriety suddenly attached by society to Hudson the so-called railway king, and his wife. The rage which prevailed through one London season for having very large entertainments graced by the presence of this essentially unpolished couple would appear simply incredible, had not social history in this, as in so many instances, repeated itself again and again. Countless, as may be supposed, and totally

unleavened by good nature, were the anecdotes circulated in ridicule behind their backs, while from interested motives all honor was shown to the faces of this unsuspecting pair, and the lesson thus afforded of the meanness of human nature when permitted to break through the restraints of good breeding and good feeling was neither edifying at the time nor pleasing to recall. The most innocuous of these *raccontars* was, if I remember rightly, the account of poor Mrs. H. being lionized over the abode of a peer of high rank and shown the bust of Marcus Aurelius, on which she gazed with reverence, inquiring with bated breath "if that was the *late* markiss?"

This marquis, his marchioness, and their descendants in the next generation save one have now passed from us, and far indeed seems the memory of the delightful little dances which gathered together some two hundred of us, three or four times in the season, without precluding more gorgeous festivals, under the same hospitable roof. It is true that the discipline then exercised by chaperones was far more stringent than it has now grown to be, and after each dance the dutiful damsels submissively returned to the shelter of the maternal wings, sitting out on balconies being an undreamt-of enormity and sitting down at supper-tables a physical impossibility; but most hardships have their compensations, and if the opportunities of *tête-à-tête* with fair Chloes were more restricted, they were assuredly grasped with more alacrity by their attentive Strephons. A partner too fine or too indolent to come in good time and bear his part bravely when arrived was an exceptional monstrosity; by eleven o'clock musicians and dancers were well started, and until three, four, or five in the morning a popular maiden would be kept from all rest so long as her satin shoes and her strength held out. Moreover, that even in those fenced-in grounds of propriety the herb o' grace romance could flourish more luxuriantly than in the existing ungarded plains of free intercourse, who can dispute that has witnessed the vigorous, pump-handlelike movement with wrists lifted to eyebrow level which constitutes a *fin de siècle* greeting, and called to mind how once upon a time, under the very gaze of the most rigid chaperon, a soft, small hand might lie—inadvertently of course—for the millionth part of a second longer than necessary in a manly palm, and receive, *almost* unconsciously before withdrawal, the hundred-thousandth

atom of a pressure! Even the lack, too, of supper seats did not militate against enjoyment so much as might be imagined, seeing that it effectually precluded the now frequent spectacle (if report speaks truly) of a series of small tables entirely monopolized by some dozen or so of "gilded youths" to the neglect and disregard of all ladies' requirements.

With respect to the dinners of past days, the change is perhaps more strongly felt than easily described. During certain months of the year they abounded as ever in town, but the number of habitual guests was always in proportion to the dimensions of the table and room; they belonged, as a rule, so much to the same set that, given the name of the host, one could to a great extent discount beforehand those of the diners, and the length of notice varied from eight to ten days. On particular occasions a fortnight was, with explanation, admissible, but an invitation at three or four weeks' date would have been a solecism pure and unmitigated; in fact, as somebody observed in discussing such a blunder perpetrated by a more zealous than discreet candidate for fame and fashion, "one would feel as if bidden to a Guildhall banquet and expect to be sent in with one's wife!" Again, as regards that sending in, the now arduous labors of a hostess on that score were non-existent, for nobody *was* sent in; the master of the house gave his arm to the proper person, and the other friends paired off unprompted without delay or difficulty, dropping at will into their seats at the dinner-table without the assistance or tyranny of inscribed cards. If in this proceeding the exact order of rank was not carefully observed no one took much account of the detail, seeing that in the prevailing intimacy it was a case (save for inward and unavowed predilections) of what the late Mr. Baring Wall—well known for his incisive little speeches delivered when ruffled in the gentlest manner—said of his friend's crack covert-shooting, "so nice, you know, so *very* nice; no one place better than another!" The material part of the banquet would not, it must be owned, bear comparison, save under the auspices of the Sefton, Granville, Wilton, Maxse, and one or two more cooks, with the *cuisine* of to-day, and the admirable practice of ceasing to load the table with massive silver dishes reeking with hot viands was only beginning to creep in, but the dinner hour was neither inconveniently early nor unreasonably late, and efforts were made to secure a

fair amount of punctuality, except, perhaps, in the instances of irretrievable and privileged loiterers, such as Lord and Lady Palmerston.

This name leads us naturally to that prominent feature of polite society for many years from nearly the middle of this century, which no retrospect, however cursory, could possibly overlook—namely, the *salon*, unrivalled then as now, in her own and in every country, of Viscountess Palmerston. To define all the elements of the success she achieved as a hostess would be difficult, and whether, if she were still with us, the same success could, even with the assistance of her high-bred, gracious manner, sunny countenance, and indefatigable energy, be again attained seems problematical, for her weekly throng to meet all the distinguished and desirable personages of the day was not a *herd*, and her highly cultivated, social pasture lands nourished singularly few tares among the wheat. Necessary limits do not allow even fleeting mention of most of the feminine celebrities to whom the Palmerstons were, as a graceless punster (referring to the family name) observed, unfailing "Temples of hospitality;" and of my own sex I will select but three or four for remark. The first in rank of these is the ex-empress of the French, then Mlle. de Téba, who passing through town with her mother, Countess Montijo, on her way to that stay in Paris which shortly afterwards so changed and dramatized her career, appeared at a Palmerstonian dinner and party a vision of peerless loveliness. The perfect proportions of her figure joined to the brilliant yet soft glow of her coloring, and the winning vivacity of her demeanor, rendered her in reality far more attractive than a renowned later beauty, who came over here in the days of the Second Empire, and about whom society incontinently plunged into one of its periodical, spasmodic phases of adoration—I mean the Countess Castiglione. Undeniable as were the latter's claims to much of the admiration so profusely tendered, they were, in the judgment of a sober-minded remnant, not a little marred by the palpable self-consciousness and worship of this "Cynthia of the minute," which extended to every item of her person and attire. All manner of details, too trivial for repetition at this length of interval, were related, bringing these qualities into relief, and there was even a crowning legend, for the truth of which it were hazardous to vouch, that after her departure

from Holland House, where she and her husband had been staying, the pillows of her couch were found seriously damaged by the traces of the castor-oil wherewith she copiously anointed her magnificent tresses—which legend prompted a malicious suggestion of changing her name to Castoriglione.

These two celebrities claim mention only, of course, as beautiful birds of passage, not as *habitudes* of the house, and a tendency to delicate lungs made rare also the presence of an intimate member of the Palmerstonian set, whose name was some time since brought by the Carlyle memoirs before the public, though not altogether in a manner calculated to do full justice to her position or her talents. Lady Harriet Baring (afterwards Lady Ashburton) and a near relation of my own were for years avowedly the two women of highest mental calibre in London society, and while the latter immeasurably excelled in grasp of intellect and depth of thought, Lady Harriet was more than her equal in an amount of brilliant quickness most unusual in this country, and I had almost said absolutely unknown in any individual rejoicing in pure Saxon blood without admixture of Celtic or foreign particles. To an Irish mother more noted for acuteness than amiability Lady Harriet was, no doubt, indebted for this addition to her more solid qualities, and the result was an almost uninterrupted series of conversational fireworks, which evoked as much admiration and amusement as were compatible with a certain leaven of fear, for hers was *not* altogether like Grattan's—

A wit that in combat as gentle as light,
Ne'er carried a heart stain away on its blade—

and it was impossible to predict on whose shoulders the silken lash might next fall. Mr. Monckton Milnes, for instance, who, though a more or less privileged guest, was supposed to entertain a strong lurking jealousy of the position held in her estimation by Mr. Charles Buller, on one occasion rather rashly complained of her being more tolerant of the latter's republican theories than his own, adding plaintively, "And you know Charles is much redder than I am." "You mean more *read*" was the immediate reply, under which the rising author naturally collapsed.

Lady Palmerston's most intimate friend of her own sex, in addition to my above-mentioned relation, was Princess Lieven, who at the time in question was unequal

to appearing at the large gatherings, but whenever in England constantly dined quietly or sat with her, and when abroad as constantly corresponded both with her and the other member of the trio. Many of Princess Lieven's letters, dating from the year 1838 onwards, which I have been allowed to see, evince a perfection of style and charm of expression which appears to me very inadequately rendered in the translated edition of her correspondence with a great statesman lately published. They bear, in fact, translation as little as the indefinable atmosphere of high breeding and refinement which, as it were, floated, round her shrunken and undeniably plain, albeit picturesquely attired, person bears description, but the one blemish in this effect (I speak, of course, of quite the later years of her life) was the expression of eager and insatiable curiosity, always directed to one point, viz., foreign politics. In politics she lived and moved and had her being. Alas! poor wearied brain, how can it be lying at rest without them even now?

Of a very different stamp was yet another heroine: a gaunt, melancholy German, whose story was more interesting than her aspect. By birth Countess Hahn, hard-featured and, like Leah, "tender-eyed," but possessed of some fortune, and as richly gifted by nature with intellectual faculties as sparsely endowed with physical advantages, she married an impecunious cousin of like name (which she added to her own), and for whom she entertained a devoted attachment, not sufficiently reciprocated in her estimation by its object. Taking early in life to fiction-writing, Countess Hahn Hahn produced novels replete with talent of a passionate order, which in the case of "Faustine" and some others amounted almost to genius, and which gained for their author a widespread reputation. Her restless soul, however, unsatisfied with fame as soon as it was acquired, fell back upon the torments of conjugal jealousy, increased by a persuasion that the cast in her eye was the real impediment to her husband's full flow of affection. Without, therefore, consulting him she left home a while to seek treatment by a skilful oculist, and returned in triumph with the blemish removed and the hope of a happy domestic result to her cure. Alas for the collapse of vain expectations! With the unconscious brutality of indifference her husband at first overlooked the change altogether, and when called upon for congratulation and approval callously replied

that he rather preferred her former state. In the delirium of wild disappointment his excited wife thrust her scissors into the guiltless eye and extinguished its light forever. At the epoch of her wanderings through Lady Palmerston's rooms the husband had, if I remember correctly, departed this world like the unfortunate optic, and her appearance reminded one of the man in Scripture "walking through dry places, seeking rest and finding none." On her return to her own land she gave herself up exclusively to practices of austere devotion, in the fervor of which she called in all editions of her former works, and consigned them to one great holocaust in deep penitence for the harm they might have wrought. Her later publications were in a different and, I believe, commonplace style, and her death, when it occurred, evoked little public notice.

The prolific subject of Lady Palmerston's receptions is by no means exhausted, but this slight sketch only further admits of a rapid enumeration of some of the accustomed male pillars of her well-raised social edifice: Lord Clarendon, *facile princeps* among all agreeable men, not so much because always the best talker of his own set as because the same in every set or country and on all occasions; Lords Macaulay, Granville, Beauvale (afterwards Melbourne), Halifax, Lansdowne (grandfather of the present Indian viceroy), Russell, Grey, Shaftesbury, Seymour (afterwards Duke of Somerset), Sydney, Bessborough, Stanley of Alderley, Broughton, Glenelg, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Mr. Charles Villiers, the two Grevilles, and Count Pahlen; these, not counting later minor additions, such as Delane and Hayward, were some of the men to be met there forty years or more ago, whose conversation was indeed, to one just entering the pale of good society, a liberal education, and whose unfailing indulgence and courtesy made their acquaintance not only a valued privilege at the time, but has rendered it in long after years an ever-fresh source whence flow the mingled waters of pleasure and regret.

E. C. CORK.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
AN AUTUMN CIRCUIT.

Devizes, November 16.—If one don't get briefs, one may as well make notes of what goes on. A poacher blinks and twitches in the dock—a respectable, bi-

cycle-riding sort of young man, not the least like the typical figure; while the witness keeper, in velveteens and bright brass buttons, shows us the stones they threw at him (the kind of rock fragments one sees in pictures of St. Stephen's martyrdom), and the two hundred and twenty yards of rabbit netting he and the watcher captured. It was two in the morning when they lay in a ditch, watching up on Longlands, and heard the rabbits cry—lay close and breathless till the prisoner (himself the fourth, as the Greek grammar has it) actually came and looked at 'em lying there; when they rose and grappled him, and the three others ran away; whereupon the hapless, struggling Jones yells "Come back!—there's only two on 'em!—you're nice sort of mates!—come back!" To which touching appeal the nice sort of mates reply by coming back and breaking out into such a shower of stones and battery of sticks and firing of guns that the keeper falls back (watcher being entangled in the rabbit-netting), and prisoner gets away. But not before, having him by the collar, the keeper peers into his face and cries, "I know thee!" But why, if he knew him, didn't he cry "I know thee, Jones?" Point for the consideration of the jury, that. Also the fact that Jones's respectable father and most respectable mother, and highly reputable brother, all swear he was in bed all that night, spoke even drowsily in the small hours to ask the time, had clean boots and trousers to show in the morning; could not, moreover, have got out without being heard, owing to a particularly heavy and creaking door. So the jury acquit him, and Jones blinks and twitches himself out of the dock, quite indifferent, though his respectable relatives push and paw him about in their joy and satisfaction. A very proper verdict, all things considered; not that I have ever much faith in an *alibi*. Nor have prisoners generally, nowadays, in their saving qualities; for it is noticeable all over the country—the criminal country—that the *alibi* has fallen almost entirely into disrepute; is not pleaded half so readily, as a matter of course. *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*. There is a fashion in defences, as in other things.

Dorchester, November 18.—The trivialities of circuit, the mere *hors-d'œuvre* of crime. Boys who have been firing furze and are mercifully condemned to be whipped, one of them screwing up his face to tears and burying it in a large red handkerchief, the other regarding him contemptuously, with a sort of a "Oh, I say!

here's Tommy White blubbing!" look, and then marching away sturdily to the cells below, followed by the weeper, whose shoulders shake. Their place is taken by two young men from a farm, who have been stealing and dealing in a gun, and who lean over the dock and look down on counsel and solicitors just as though they were leaning over the side of a vessel at sea. One is vacant, with an ill-shaped head and an open mouth; he takes no apparent interest in the proceedings, is undefended, asks no questions of the witnesses, says nothing to the jury, and gets off; while the other, a sunburnt and impudent buck, with huge dirty hands on which glints a silver ring, is defended at length, and gets three months. He occasionally glances up and smiles at the corner of the gallery where are three young women, huddled together, watching and whispering—one of whom on hearing the sentence gives a very audible sigh and click with her tongue, as much as to say, "No Sunday afternoon walk with *him* for the next three months." I dare say she'll be at the prison gate the day he gets out—with an umbrella if it's wet.

Not by any means a Bloody Assize this, as it was in September 1685, when Jeffreys sat here, and, by way of terrible suggestion, had the court hung with scarlet. There were three hundred and ninety-two of Monmouth's men for trial then, of whom one hundred and nine were hanged; some of them at their own homes, for a more searching and immediate terror. On the earthen walls of Wareham there's a mound still called the Bloody Dyke, where numbers of them were executed, and where to this day the children say no daisies will grow. Many a time have I stood there in spring and heard the cuckoo call from the Priory coppice, and from the road below the strident voice of the auctioneer for the Easter cattle fair.

In Dorchester, behind the court, down by the water's edge, still stands the hangman's cottage. I saw it this morning, with its thatched roof and odd staircase outside, up which he climbed to sleep. In those days, when there was so much for him to do, almost every assize town had its local practitioner. The hour of execution in Dorchester was one o'clock, by which time the London coach had come in, to give the culprit every chance of a reprieve. To the prisoner, dead and cold in his coffin, came the afflicted to touch his neck, for the king's evil and other maladies of the kind; the shock gave the blood a turn, as it was called, expelled the

humors, and renewed the system. There is a very aged woman living in the town now who went through the ordeal, and such was the shock to her as a child that she was speedily and notably healed.

"On the use of shock in the cure of disease"—*ex. gr.*, a sudden fright for hiccoughs.

Wells, November 22.—The autumn sun gleams right across the court in broken yellow squares and patches; but the ruined man in the dock stands there, sunless. His mouth has fallen in, there is no light behind his spectacles; his bald, cupola forehead, indeed, is brighter than his eye. He looks as plainly ruined for a man, as a house looks ruined when its windows are broken and boarded, its front seamed and cracked, its roof all ragged and showing the rafters. And there stands his old father down in the court below him, bending to catch the judge's sentence, his hand over his ear; a white-faced old man, like a bad bust of Vespasian, with a blank, glazed eye, and the chords of his throat straining out of his coarse, red muffler. Sometimes he turns to look without emotion (with that want of interest and curiosity so characteristic of the very old and the very young) at the prisoner, who, as the counsel for the crown makes his statement to the judge, now throws back the capes of his coat dramatically and folds his arms, and now fidgets with the yellow rails of the dock with a hand that is as plainly bad as his face. He has already pleaded *guilty* in that false first-lesson kind of voice so many of the clergy assume (adopted by actors when playing the part); for he is veritably a clergyman and a man of some position, but of the vestry-sneak type who may one day carry off his landlady's mantelpiece ornaments in a shiny black bag. Verily, he has used the black bag to some purpose in Bath, seeing that the prosecution tells us he has had 35,000*l.* of the people's money there; and only 1,200*l.* of it left, to meet the demands of the doctors and widows and retired officers and officials, and poor, saving schoolmistress, from whom it has all been cajoled. Four years' penal servitude, and he bows and bends himself away like a beaten hound. And out of court shuffles, still quite emotionless, the old father in a long, drab ulster, and the few hairs standing straight above his curious round head with its flat top.

After so great and yet so paltry a scoundrel, a poor, trembling maid, who has forged her master's cheque and who keeps on bleating "I am very sorry," seems very

small game, and the court quickly empties of the ladies and gentlemen sightseers. Evidence is given as to her previous good character and most respectable parents, and she gets only one day's imprisonment; to be succeeded by a very honest-looking fellow who has broken and burglariously entered. But here so sweet and searching a gust of tobacco breaks in through the swing door, that, as the court grows hot with gas and the night falls, I yield to the temptation and go home to smoke.

Tuesday.—In the city there is a dense mist and the pavements are wet. But climb a mile up the Mendips from our lodgings—nay, half a mile—and, children of the mist, we emerge into the most generous sunshine. Here on the hills the morning is all blue and gold, while below us the cathedral towers peer through the mist-flood; and, within a few miles, the faint peak of Glastonbury stands out like Ararat. And further still, as the higher we climb, we can descry the pale, desolating patches of the Somersetshire waters that have been out since September. Would that we could stay all day in this vivid air, beneath this gigantic sunshine; for you can discern no sun, the whole sky seems sunshine; but in the mist below there is crime to be judged, and above all to-day a murderer.

In the court the gas is lit and glints on the yellow woodwork; the windows with their white squares look purple-black against the white walls; the wooden galleries are full. There in the dock sits the prisoner, charged with killing his wife by drowning; the head and face of a good workman, though by all accounts a bad husband. He sits quite calmly, like a schoolboy on a bench, watching the counsel for the crown address the jury in reply. Outside, I can hear the confused hum of voices from the crowd in front of the court. And the jury in their different attitudes of attention (I note there is nearly always a jurymen who wears gloves) hang over the front and sides of their box, facing the suit of clothes lying limp in the witness-box, in which it is alleged the crime was committed. Dripping wet his father was when he met him in Avon Street, so says the little son called to give evidence; a child of nine or ten, for whom the streets at eleven at night were happier even than his home. He ran back after his wretched father, and, looking through the blind, saw him stripping off the wet clothes. Father, dry and restless, goes up to the Black Horse and drinks, bids a friend good-night there, says he will walk

about for an hour—the night, warm and scented September—meets the police marching with their sodden burden. "For God's sake, governor," says he, "who have you got there?" Whereupon the stolid policeman: "From what they say, it's your wife."

A story of squalor and drink and misery, though with its better side, as most of the stories have; for the man seems to have been an excellent workman, sober at his work, industrious, punctual. But I see quite clearly nowadays, as life grows for all of us more complicated and involved, how in some of our relations with our fellows we may be honorable and just, in others detestable, infernal even. A man may be an excellent member of Parliament, an indefatigable member of committee, but in more private relations a criminal. Let him see, if he must err, that he err not on that side on which lies the more public punishment and disgrace—that is, if in his erring he be given to calculation.

For this unhappy man there is no other punishment than death; he stands up and takes his sentence like the schoolboy condemned to write out a book of the Iliad for cutting his name on a desk. And he dies, I hear, with repentance and with fortitude.

Death for murder, with all the ignominy of the scaffold and the rope, is, after all (if punishment is to be deterrent), the only expiation; of that, as the murderer's skull is at present shaped in this country, I don't believe there to be a reasonable doubt. I have been told by a former chaplain at Newgate, in the old days when executions were public, that of all the murderers he shrived there was not one who had not seen a man hanged; so much for the preventive power. True enough, it had not deterred *them*, but what of the many thousands who had not reached the chaplain, and who were, no doubt, checked in time by so terrible a spectacle? It is the certainty of detection and punishment that prevents crime among the classes inclined thereto, and very little else; and if it only were a matter of absolute certainty that that day week after killing his man the killer himself would be strung up (as a matter of divine and not human law), there would be very many fewer murders. But the chance of life goes for something, and would go for still more if the punishment were only penal servitude.

For a humorous and yet faithful description of an execution, commend me to the gentleman whose father had so suffered: "Father fell off a scaffold," he explained,

"outside Newgate, talking to a clergyman."

Bodmin, Friday, November 27. — "You say the prisoner is not guilty, and that is the verdict of you all." They do; so the prisoner jerks her baby up and down, and flounces, injured innocent, out of the dock. The baby, with its red woollen covering and pitiful white face, has cried most of the time and been plentifully supplied with natural nourishment. The mother is charged with having caused her step-daughter's death by striking her on the head with a bellows, for not being quick enough with a pail; neighbor saw it and cried "You ought to feel shame!" But, after all, there seems a good deal of doubt about it, whether the child hadn't hurt her head by falling off a chair, and the little touch of the baby plays its part (hard to send the baby to prison, and yet, how separate them?), and the mother, apparently a true *noverca*, is acquitted. Besides her we have a raffish architect's clerk, a kind of broken-down Champagne Charley, who's been dealing in false cheques at seaside Cornish hotels; says he's tired of the shifty life of subterfuge and pleads guilty; gets six months. What a relief it must be to tell the truth for once, and to know that for the next six months, at any rate, it won't be necessary to lie and forge! Next him stands a sailor with one eye, the other lost in a scuffle on Falmouth quay I should imagine, who stole his mother's boat; and next him, a woman in a disreputable mackintosh who breaks out into little false and unsteady smiles, and who's been throwing vitriol over her long-suffering husband. She gets three years; but they acquit the one-eyed sailor, who has a lively colloquy with his mother over the ownership of the boat; makes the poor old dame cry, even, into the fringe of a large check shawl.

And now a couple of "dramatics," as one witness calls them; the elder being a reciter and entertainer, the younger a player on the piano; both deceivers of landladies and obtainers of food and lodging under false pretences. I fear there are many of these rogues and vagabonds preying on widows about the country; "lakers" from whom not even the hedge linen is safe; provincial music-hall *artistes* who feast on the widow's tea and cake and eggs, talk largely of remittances and savings-bank accounts, and then "off it" when there's nothing more to be got. They mean in a sort of way to be honest, obscurely nourishing their consciences; that is, they'll be ready to pay if they make any-

thing after giving their entertainment in the back room of the Plough; but, on the other hand, they know perfectly well that, at the best when they've entertained themselves, there's very little likely to be over for widows. Pitiful types! The elder, viciously thin, his scanty hair trained across an irregular skull, his little eyes shifty, his voice the obvious false tones of the fifth-rate entertainer. The younger, a mere boy, has clearly been seduced from being a lawyer's clerk by the delights of an artist's life — the *vie de bohème* of October and November, when ways are miry and entertainments few; his face is long and his hair is long, and he seems amused at being in court, as though it were part of the education of an artist to find himself in the pale light of an assize court, facing "the red judge." Perhaps he'll make an entertainment out of it and take us all off on the piano in revenge. Both prisoners are acquitted, seeing that their pretences came *after* the procuring of board and lodging; indeed, the elder cross-examines the witness to that effect with a legal astuteness that seems to show he very well understands the weak points in the prosecution, and has done it before; so out they stalk in their terribly thin summer clothes of shiny light blue serge, carrying their hats, without linings, elbow-high like *jeunes premiers*, and go God knows where.

Saturday. — A moorland drama, the sea and the cliffs for background; while across the sombre picture, past the long stone farmhouse, goes the lonely road that crawls down to Penzance. And here a very wet, a most Cornish day, and in the narrow dock the dark young schoolmaster, with the drawn white cheeks growing whiter and more drawn as the dreary dusk that has been falling ever since early morning falls and fades into gas. Agony and a terrible apprehension in that man's face, if ever I saw it.

Crime charged to the young schoolmaster: the basest violation of hospitality alleged to his account, committed at the long stone farmhouse where he lodged so long; where, up-stairs, he kept his bright steel bicycle, and brought it down himself "for fear of the pigs." As the case goes on, one sees all the life in the farmhouse and most of the inhabitants: the upright, bold young man, to whom the schoolmaster had been "most like a brother;" the deaf grandmother with whom they don't know what to do when she hears what has happened, of such breaking power is her grief; the busy sister wrapped in a knitted

shawl and occasionally frightened into shy silence, if only at finding herself in court; the poor crimson and purple victim herself, victim at all events of some one's cruelty and lust. They were proud, evidently, of lodging such a man, of so much superior knowledge and refinement, who played the organ at the church; and dearly have they paid for their pride and confidence. "That is the case for the prosecution, my lord," that the prisoner at the bar was the man who committed the assault, and no other.

It resolves itself into this: where was the prisoner on the afternoon of the 1st of May, a Friday? At the farm, say the prosecution, and they know by this. He had his school examination in the morning, was home early, dined, oiled his bicycle, had his tea, and was off late in the afternoon, half past six, down into Penzance. Prisoner admits the first part, but affirms he started off on his ride not later than half past two, and was not back till eleven. Further, the girl says he talked to her that afternoon about the first of May in his part of the country, where a queen is chosen and five-and-twenty thousand people troop into Knutsford to see the coronation. Denied by the prisoner, who declares that he always regarded the girl (niece of the farmer) as a servant, and never exchanged half-a-dozen words with her the whole time he was there. Again, the farmer says he was papering the sitting-room most of the afternoon and spoke to the prisoner while it was going on. Denied; also, a couple of cattle dealers called who swear to the prisoner's presence in the passage behind the door at past three. They had come to buy a heifer; "Will you buy me?" says the prisoner, stepping forward. "Shouldn't know what to do with you," the dealers reply, "except show you on exhibition." They know it was the first, because one of them attended a funeral immediately afterwards, about four or half past; burial certificate, indeed, is put in. Conversation admitted by the prisoner, but as taking place not later than two, or a quarter past.

In answer to all this, prisoner calls two witnesses from Penzance to prove an *alibi*. Prosecution say these witnesses, not called before the magistrates, were sprung upon them at the last assizes in the summer, with the result that the jury disagreed and were discharged without arriving at a verdict. Trial remitted to the next assizes; hence, we try him in the autumn.

Now here for the defence you have the foundation of many a French play: crime charged against an innocent man, *alibi* to be proved, honor of married woman at stake; innocent man condemned, speechless rather than sully her fair fame. But here the married woman comes forward herself, clears her own fair fame and his; tells us how she does it with her husband's full approval and encouragement; how her husband is at sea in the coasting trade, and comes home for a fortnight once every three months; how she first met the prisoner at a ball and presented him with her card (visiting card, not programme); how he came to call and, afterwards, never scarcely came into Penzance without paying them a visit, and, "under stress of weather," would stay the night, invited by the ancient purser, her father; an old gentleman who has left the sea to take charge of a town hall and who delights to talk to the schoolmaster about shipping. "My father's favorite subject," says the daughter, with a simpering gentility.

It is always difficult to know on what it is precisely that juries act; nor must I be supposed in any way to call their verdict in question. In this case they acquit; very properly, on the whole, there can be no doubt.

Cornish juries have, however, a general character for clemency. When a celebrated judge was down in these parts some few years ago, driving with the high sheriff they came upon a lively hunting scene of hounds and hare, hard pressing and hard pressed. "Nothing can save that hare, my lord," says the high sheriff. "Nothing, Mr. High Sheriff," the judge replies, "but a Cornish jury."

Exeter, December 2.—Facing me along one side of the court is a huge picture of the school of R. B. Haydon, the historico-grotesque, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" in stupendous letters under the gigantic frame. Ancient Romans, apparently, and some domestic difficulty. Really it might be the work of Mr. Gandy, of Bloomsbury; it is quite worthy of the master-hand that limned "Alfred in the Neat-herd's Hut." Nay, for all I know, it may be an early effort of Clive Newcome himself; I am too far off to read the name, I can only make out that, like most similar works, it was *presented to the city*. Those were the days when to be esteemed a great painter it was necessary to paint on the largest possible scale. What a pity it is there is no natural law to cause such productions to fade and disappear, after a certain

specified period of neglect — say five-and-twenty years; then might that vast blank canvas be cut up and given to the poor.

We have quite a brisk coming and going of criminals all the morning: a nervous black and white man, ex-bank cashier, who tugs a scrubby beard and hands up testimonials of character. But, my poor friend, these testimonials are four years old and more; how have you been living since then? Well, with his mother for some time; then his wife died. And for the last two years? Downcast silence, and tugging of the scrubby beard. Who can tell the unhappy man's shifts and struggles till he takes to wholesale forgery of small cheques on non-existent banks, and is arrested on Newton Abbot railway platform with a brand new portmanteau on his way to lodgings at Torquay? But I am truly astonished at the facility with which these country banks cash cheques for strangers; positively they deserve to be defrauded. Observe: prisoner walks into a bank and presents a forged cheque on a London house that hasn't been in existence for fourteen years; gives the name of a customer for reference with whom he says he is staying; the bank does not even take the trouble to make inquiries of the customer, who, of course, has never even heard of the prisoner, but hands the money over the counter. And not once, but half-a-dozen times, with other banks. No wonder the prisoner has had no employment these last two years, since he has found it so easy to live otherwise. Three years' penal servitude. A most melancholy case, for the man has been plainly respectable and hard-working once. Inexplicable, almost, these outbreaks of dishonesty in lives otherwise almost wholly honest. I suppose there are characters with the seeds of dissolution in them from the first; hereditary germs of crime that only need a certain atmosphere for their due and inevitable development.

Something sad in court, always, and to wonder at. As a youthful burglar with a head like a pear, the back representing the stalk part, turns to leave the dock for the cells below, his mother rises hurriedly from a seat behind, leans over the rails, and, her face all puckered into tears, gives him a long kiss before he goes. His vacant expression never changes and he does not return the kiss. The mother is very well and prosperously dressed, while the boy is all in tatters, with a torn and discolored jersey; a kind of youthful Colonel Jack, sleeping on the warm ashes of a glasshouse. He shuffles below for the

next six months, while the mother rustles and bustles tearfully out of court. It was all so quickly done that if she had so desired and he been willing she might easily have given him poison. As it is, the by-standing police seem scarcely to have noticed it, while some one at the back of the court guffaws.

December 3. — A man like an ogre, with a huge, prominent tooth on which a three-year old baby might be clinging in illustration of a fairy-tale, clutches the black front of the dock with nervous, dirty hands and fights hard against a charge of perjury. So like the traditional ogre is he that I find myself looking for his club. Crumpled papers all around him and the police in drowsy attitudes, and the attention of the jury beginning plainly to wander. The case is chiefly interesting to me from the presence in it as a witness of the provincial money-lender. Bluff and hearty he stands, like a prosperous farmer, the capes of his coat thrown back, his short, thick hands composedly on the witness-box ledge, his upper lip very long and slightly incurving, hair light and scanty, head well shaped and solid; an aspect, generally, of great good-humor and kindness — part of his stock in trade, no doubt — a dimple, even, showing occasionally on the fleshy cheeks. He seems to live by making small loans to small people; ambitious man wants to start a cab, and the "shroff" advances the money, deducting out of it the interest in advance, *bien entendu*. The prisoner reads an interminably long statement from sheets upon sheets of blue paper.

Winchester, Tuesday. — They stand in a row in the dock looking like a slice out of the Chamber of Horrors, in attitudes of defiance, shame, indifference. Called on to plead to a charge of burglary, the little man with the faded blue jersey and the damaged cheek weeps copiously, and calls his Creator to witness that such a thought never entered his head, no more than a babe's unborn. I have never seen an elderly person weep so plentifully; and, what is stranger, it appears on his trial that there really has been a mistake, and that he is not the man. As a rule, the more volubly a prisoner protests his innocence, the more likely he is to be guilty. The innocent are generally perfectly silent, being afraid of making the case against them seem worse. The tall soldier-bandsman and the little white-faced woman with the prominent eyes, his wife, deny that they have any connection with the large number of false coins, the moulds, the

nitric acid and solutions—in fact the whole apparatus for “smashing”—found in their room in Copper Street, Southsea. Desperate character, the bandsman; was arrested three years ago in London for a similar offence, taken to Fulham police-station and left unattended for a few moments, when he naturally opened the door and walked out; has been sought sedulously since, but enlisting almost immediately afterwards has managed to hide in ambuscade behind a musical instrument in the band of the Inniskillings. Not a bad hiding-place for a “smasher,” more especially when the regiment is off to India the day after to-morrow. No doubt the three hundred odd false coins found in his box were for planting among the unsuspicious natives of our vast empire there. Only that the active and intelligent officers caught him first, and, after a desperate tussle in the main guard of the Victoria Barracks, there he stands in the dock in his gaudy bandsman's tunic, with his hair sprucely arranged on his forehead in the fashion of the brass lyre that holds his clarinet music. It is very touching the way the little white-faced woman nestles up against the tunic, the way the bandsman puts his hand over hers, and fingers music, as it were, upon her terrified heartstrings; playing, perhaps, “Comfort ye!” She is acquitted as *feme covert*, and leaves the dock with many a backward, loving glance. For him everything possible is done: the natty little adjutant gives him the best of regimental characters—a model soldier, he declares, smart, and of blameless conduct; “great blow to the officers and men, this discovery, sir; great disappointment, sir;” and he looks longingly at the judge, imploringly, even, to give him back the unfortunate pride of the Inniskillings. But it won't do, Mr. Adjutant; a first-rate soldier mustn't be permitted to be a first-rate coiner too; for it's perfectly clear the fellow has been supplying his friends in London with the stuff, and some few of his comrades as well, I've no doubt, seeing they used to come to the house; the regiment must sail without him, you must give his clarinet to some inferior performer. For how long? Sixteen years; sixteen years' penal servitude. The public shudder as though each and all had been sentenced, too; the bandsman steps back an agonized pace, as though he had been struck; he shows his teeth in a *risus sardonicus*; stalwart policemen touch him on the shoulder, and he disappears from view.

And next to him a narrow, red-headed

young man with pointed moustaches, a rusty Mephistopheles, for breaking into a Roman Catholic church and stealing sacred silver dishes; and then a Swiss valet, with his coat collar turned up, who says—actually says, in excuse for burglariously entering his late master's pantry—that he was there to see whether the silver was better cleaned than in his day; also, no doubt, as I hear afterwards, to visit an old flame of the servants' hall; and then a sulky, yellow-faced young man with a soft, curling, Merovingian beard, an ex-groom, who has been indulging himself in a series of hut robberies at Aldershot, firing a revolver at his pursuers and hiding in the woods, where they ultimately catch him, and, bringing him here, the court gives him six years.

Crime, still nothing but crime. Let us leave the defiant-looking housemaid, charged with setting fire to her mistress's house, and take the taste out of the mouth by attending the cathedral service; and, afterwards, we will invite a Winchester boy out to tea at Cotterell's.

December 10.—While the prisoner, charged with the murder of her child, stands at the bar, I try to think of what I have ever seen that is as white as her face; neither that of a sheet of paper, nor of paint, but a dull, damp, dead whiteness, more as of alabaster. Indeed, when I see the alabaster effigy of William of Wykeham in the cathedral, there I find much the same hue. But I do not understand why alabaster has ever been held a fit attribute for beauty; there is a mortality about it that only suggests to me arrested decay, something between life and death, and most unlovely.

The prisoner refuses the offer of a chair and stands resolutely at the bar, in her black turban hat and coarse brown jacket; a poor, ordinary slattern of a domestic servant, of the Bloomsbury lodging-house type, or Cecil Street, Strand; hard-working and honest, I dare say; only rather than be burdened with the shame and expense of another child (having one already, of seven years old), she ties a piece of tape round the baby's neck, and the body is found by a little schoolboy playing on Barnes Common, covered with half of her apron and some sheets of *Modern Society*; also, under the body, a bag from a Ventnor confectioner.

There is a story of Guy de Maupassant, “L'Odyssée d'une jeune fille,” in which he traces a Norman farm-servant's fall, falling, falling, till she alights, scared and helpless, on the Parisian asphalte. The

trajectory is accurate, no doubt, and in the same fashion, if it were not too painful and too long, one might trace this poor creature's slipping, till she is brought up short, as it were, by the bar of the dock at which she stands. And the man? Where is he? She is in the pillory, marked with the scarlet letter; is he among the crowd at the back of the court, dotted with red jackets and the black of the Rifles? More likely driving a cart somewhere, light-heartedly, or going his rounds, whistling. Why, he can't even find her the money for her defence, for she has no counsel until the judge allots her one, otherwise briefless.

It is about half past eleven as the first witnesses are called. A warm, rough, wet day outside, and the looped curtains of the court belly inwards with the wind. First, the mistress from Mortlake who took her down with her to Ventnor for a month's holiday; rather what is called a stylish woman, well-dressed, with a long feather boa; considerate, too, I am sure, from the way she gives her evidence; who bought her, it is to be noticed, a copy of *Modern Society* to read in the train. And next, the lodging-house keeper, an appearance of well-to-do gentility; of the kind I associate with keeping a boarding-house, not quite facing the sea, at Hastings or Eastbourne. And then the little schoolboy who found the body in a dell when playing on the common, whose head scarcely comes over the ledge of the witness-box, and who, when asked his age, tells us in a shy whisper ("Speak up, my boy, so that those gentlemen may hear you")—he is eight to-day. Truly a memorable birthday. He fetched the usher, who fetched the police, who fetched the detective, who, from information received, fetched the prisoner as she lay in bed with her little sister at her mother's, having been dismissed by her mistress the day before. Death by strangulation, says the doctor; while the policeman holds up for our inspection the little loop of tape he cut from the infant's throat before the final burial.

And now it is nearly one o'clock, and the meshes woven by counsel are closing round the prisoner at the bar, on whose blank forehead sits despair, graving lines deeper and deeper that were not there at all when she first came into the dock. The wind has dropped, and in the natural hush it seems almost as though Death, *L'Intruse*, had elbowed his way into court and found a seat on the bench; as though the high sheriff's javelin men were his satellites, and under his orders preparing

to strike. Speech for the defence and a sympathetic shuffle of feet at the close, and then the judge's summing-up, and, lo! it is twenty minutes to two, and the jury have turned to each other and are talking, considering their verdict. Twelve men, of ordinary capacity and appearance, small shopkeepers and farmers, met all together for the one and only time of their lives; somehow from among them some one by general consent stands out as leader and foreman, *per caput* and not *per stirpem*. He rises and the prisoner gives him a haggard glance. "How say you, gentlemen; are you all agreed upon your verdict?" "We are." "Do you find the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?" "Guilty." "You say that she is guilty, and that is the verdict of you all?"

Sentence of death! "Let all people keep silence under pain of imprisonment, while my lord the queen's justice pronounces sentence of death, according to law." Ah! the black cap! The poor wretch swerves and falls instinctively towards the female warder when she sees it; woman to woman in such an hour of agony. From being dumb she becomes loud and terrified in her fear and misery. Shriek after shriek, shriek after shriek—"Mother, my mother, my widowed mother!" While through the terrible hollow cries one hears ever the grave judicial voice till the sentence is ended—"and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The female warder is crying, as they raise the poor creature and support her below. Before she goes, her dress all unfastened, her light hair dishevelled, she turns towards the pitying, shocked people, and implores none of them to tell her mother. "Don't tell my mother! Don't let any one tell my mother!" And they bear the unhappy pale head and common light brown jacket away, and the court clears, and we go out to lunch, with what appetite we may.

But still those terrible shrieks, more hollow still from their reverberations from below; and the rain is falling dismally, and the wind is dropped and gone.

Clifton Down Hotel, December 17.—Clifton is full of the cheerful echo and *hum-pom-pom* of German bands, just as you hear them in Cleveland Gardens, walking home from the Temple about six or so. And occasionally, the season being sacred, one comes on shy ragged knots of children piping carols outside opulent doors, closed as hermetically as those of Russell Square. Passing quite close, I could only just hear their poor little thin

"triumph of the skoies," which could not even have reached the pity of the servants' quarters. Clifton is full of brisk airs and flourishes of high gentility, of fine houses that suggest Clapham and Streatham, of rough commons and unkempt downs, huge cliffs of rock and ravine, up from which rumble long-drawn detonations of blasting; and in the morning you meet little girls running to school, grooms exercising horses, and on the common a solitary enthusiast practising golf strokes, with a derisive dog only for audience.

At night, if one stands on the Suspension Bridge, below there are lights that look like the eyes of couched demons waiting for the next *miserrimus* to leap. I can conceive a rush of those fiery eyes to the hole in the water, a shrill reverberating peal of glee as they carry off the lost soul, down, even yet deeper. There echoes just such a scream of laughter now, only that it is the whistle of a steamer's siren cracking like a long, long whip, and circling like an obscene bird round and over me. And again the unwinking eyes return to their place and wait for their yearly feast. About one suicide a year, says the man at the toll-bar; "tennyrate he's been there eighteen years and he's known twenty; don't take much heed of them now." Living down in Bristol at this moment there's a woman who took the leap, about three hundred feet; only that her petticoats played parachute and landed her like apple-blossom on the tide. You can't knock much more loudly at death's door than that. She has never since then felt any inducement to repeat the experiment.

Not much crime in Bristol; only ten prisoners. A railway guard, for carrying off the *impedimenta* of retired major-generals and their ladies journeying from Buxton; he gets eighteen months, his house being found full of pawn tickets relating to such robberies; declares, by the way, he found the violin lying among his garden cabbages, quite in the happy fashion our little brothers and sisters were born to us when we were children. Alongside of him is a very old offender, most respectable looking, who professes himself truly grateful for five years' penal servitude and two of police supervision; and an intemperate Irishman, who darkened the eye of one Mrs. Neagle, Irish also, for being tardy in opening the door to him. The great question always seems to be, "Now, were you drunk or not?" answer being mostly, "Oh, I'd 'ad a glass,

but nothing over the mark;" the mark being of quite an indeterminate height. With all possible appreciation for wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and all possible sense of amusement at the fume and fret of the tectotaller, it is impossible, quite impossible, to exaggerate the evils that spring from drink. Whether a universal blue ribbon would leave us less remarkable as a nation, neither I nor any one else can well determine, I apprehend; but I know this, that it would remove half at least of the criminals from our courts. Wine and beer and spirits are brave fluids, but you can scarcely trust the average Briton with them, any more than you can with opium or morphia. The fact is, the nation, taken as a whole, has a rooted tendency to spoil everything; give them leave to walk in a pleasaunce, and they leave paper bags about, write their names on the statues, carve them at the viewpoints; and so, in the garden of the world, you can't let them out of your sight for one moment but it becomes a pig-sty. "Bacchus, thou hast drowned more men than Neptune," and wilt continue so to do till the rollicking little gentleman is knocked off his hogshhead.

Rather interesting last night, dining with the mayor and corporation. Behind his worship on the sideboard stood a very fine salver, or rose-water dish; a courteous official, next whom I sat, sent for it for my inspection. Then I saw that under the pattern there were innumerable marks of cutting, as though the dish had been divided into hundreds of little squares, oblongs and triangles; and on the back were rivets, so many that positively it looked pustulated. Evidently the dish had one day been divided for spoil, and cunningly pieced together again. It appears that in the great Reform Bill riots of 1831, when Bristol for three days was in the hands of a raging mob (an old gentleman I know remembers as a frightened child seeing the light in the sky of Bristol burning, nine miles off), they broke into the Mansion House, and one James Ives, for his share of spoil, carried off this same dish. Unable to deal with it as it was, he resolutely cut it into one hundred and sixty-seven morsels, to deal with them for shillings and half-crowns. But James Ives was captured, every fragment was recovered, the dish was pieced, and for his share James Ives — when the commission came down in January, 1832, to try the rioters — received fourteen years' penal servitude. The droll part of the story is that, such was his love of good workmanship, James

Ives, on returning to his native soil, made an early call at the Mansion House, and entreated for a sight of the dish which had formed for him the bason of his *viaticum* to Botany Bay. Ordered, that it be accorded him, and that on the back, among the rivets, there be engraved a brief record of the theft, the recovery, and the wonderful piecing together again; where, indeed, I saw it, after an amazing good dinner and some capital speeches.

From The Fortnightly Review.

DANGERS OF MODERN FINANCE.

A WISE man, who has passed through many vicissitudes, finds it necessary at certain periods to take a retrospective glance at past times, gleaning from experience lessons of prudence for future guidance. So should we as a nation study our past history, and be guided by experience with regard to our multifarious interests, namely, our defensive, social, and financial condition in relation to the other great nations of the world. Our military and naval position is criticised annually in Parliament when the estimates are voted; our social condition is the subject-matter for the consideration of numerous experts; but financial affairs are generally left to take care of themselves.

I trust it may not be considered presumptuous on my part to give to the public the result of my experience gained during forty-four years of hard work in the financial world. When speaking of the financial world, I naturally mean the City of London, for in no other place are the monetary transactions of the world so centred, so manipulated. In the very perfection of our credit and banking system lies the danger which threatens us; the fruit which has reached perfection is at the commencement of corruption. It is well to be in time to arrest such decadence. The development of our credit system is an evidence of human ingenuity that has no parallel in any other financial centre in the world. In London credit is used up to the hilt; vast amounts of bills and securities, called floaters, are held on "call," money which in other countries lies idle. Call money consists of funds destined to meet payments on the morrow, which is always in view yet always recedes. That provision for to-morrow amounts in ordinary times to at least twenty millions sterling, and is almost always used. Payments of hundreds of millions are settled

in the clearing-house by balance cheques of comparatively small amounts; no great sum of money ever lies idle; high pressure is the rule. The merchant, banker, or broker who has "money over" at the end of the day esteems himself, and, what is worse, is considered by others, a bad financier, throwing away interest which he ought to have received. All this is fair-weather finance, a happy go-lucky system which passes triumphantly over small obstacles, but is apt now and again to meet with a shock all the greater when a period of calm lulls to fancied security. In other countries a merchant or banker, in view of the due date of an engagement, provides himself with the necessary funds to meet his liability, and keeps the money in readiness. In London, if an engagement is due on a Tuesday, the banker or merchant having the money on the Monday lends it over the day, and pockets the interest secured by the operation. Thus the United Kingdom, the wealthy repository of the money of the world, has no reserve worthy of the name. Hundreds of millions of credit rest on the small final reserve of the Bank of England, like an inverted pyramid—a great superstructure balanced on inadequate support.

Why is this country the banking centre of all the world? There are several reasons; the first is, because of the recognized integrity of our bankers and merchants. The second is, that our country is happily an island, difficult to invade, and still more difficult to conquer. Thus we form a treasure-house for the timorous all over the world. The third and not the least important reason is, that we undertake to pay all our engagements in gold, that metal which all the world scrambles to possess. The golden king had once a silver queen who, standing a step lower than his yellow Majesty, was yet a help-mate to him in safeguarding the financial state. That queen has been for many years and is still in disgrace. If there has been no actual divorce, she has at least been discarded, and his Majesty reigns in undivided supremacy. If we descend to a lower metaphor, and quote dethroned Bismarck, we may liken gold to a blanket with which several persons desire to cover themselves. But, alas! the blanket is not large enough, and as one occupying the outer edge pulls it over himself, he inconveniences another by leaving him out in the cold. "*Beati possidentes.*"

Let us now quit metaphor for practical business. We in this country profess to

supply all comers who have just claims with that desirable metal, gold. We are generous enough to turn bars of gold, the raw material, into well-minted coins, without any charge for manufacture. Other nations cover the cost of coinage by a small mintage. We act differently; we invite our creditors to take our heavy sovereigns to melt down, and we supply their place by renewed coinage at our own expense.

Foreigners, also gold-workers, here and abroad, melt our sovereigns almost as fast as we can manufacture them, leaving us the light pieces for home circulation. But that is not all; we use a soft metal, less durable than that employed by every other country for coinage, and we not only coin for nothing, but we produce coins which wear away faster than any others. We use a metal eleven-twelfths fine, whereas the United States and Russia, which formerly used the same kind of gold, have discarded it, and prefer, like all the rest of the world, the more durable metal nine-tenths fine.

But these are minor matters in comparison with the culpable carelessness of making enormous engagements to pay in gold with a wholly inadequate store of that metal. Our country is, without doubt, the richest in the world, and it is the overconfidence begotten by that fact which leads us to think that no mischief can possibly befall us. Moreover, with regard to a metallic reserve, the prevalent idea is, that what is everybody's business in general is nobody's special business. Suppose a banker had large liabilities, which he might be called upon to discharge on demand or at very short notice, and that he persistently left his resources in America and Australia, should we not in such a case prognosticate ultimate failure? That is the dangerous position in which our wealthy country stands at the present moment. We enjoy splendid prosperity, inasmuch as we lend to many nations and require to borrow from none; but, unfortunately, we lend to nations at a distance, while our neighbors insist on lending to us almost without our knowing it. We cannot prevent French and German bankers sending us their money for safe custody; neither can we hinder Continental capitalists from holding English bills and Treasury bills payable in London in gold.

This employment of money in sterling bills and deposits is almost universal, and is an evidence of confidence in our government and in our bankers and merchants. The main reason, however, is that it is

equivalent to holding gold and yet receiving interest. All this money due to the Continent of Europe, amounting to at least £40,000,000, is payable in gold, either on demand, or, what comes to the same thing, by discounting their bills in our market.

It might be argued, that we could tell the holders that we will pay at the due rate of their bills, refusing to discount even the finest paper in cases where it had been held by foreigners. But such a step would ruin our credit, and bring us to the brink of national bankruptcy. Such a contingency must be avoided at all costs.

We possess certain resources which, if rendered available, would amply provide the means of meeting our engagements. We have our excellent credit, and in ordinary times the bulk of our gold liabilities would be renewed in the usual manner by exchanging short English bills for those of longer dates. We ought, however, to make provision for an extraordinary and sudden demand from the Continent for gold. Austria desires to resume specie payments on a gold basis, and it is openly proclaimed that the £20,000,000 she requires must be obtained chiefly in this, the only country in Europe where gold in quantity can be had. It is further stated that, in order not to strain our resources unduly, it will suffice to acquire sterling bills by the issue of a loan which Austria could easily place. This new demand for gold and for sterling bills will tend to aggravate our danger; it certainly will not diminish the power of our neighbors to demand gold, which we can ill spare, and especially as we can only rely for a supply on distant debtors. To meet this large and increasing liability to pay gold we hold the inadequate stock of £22,000,000, against which we have issued £38,450,000 in bank-notes.

Formerly, in the halcyon days of bimetalism, prior to 1870, there was no scramble for gold; the Continental mints were open for the free coinage of silver; and gold was thus obtainable very rapidly from France and Germany, Holland and Belgium. That is not the case now. The German Imperial Bank takes effective steps to prevent gold shipments to this country by selling the sterling bills it always holds, and by its efficient control over the discount market. Besides, if any banker or merchant in Germany were to send even a moderate amount of gold to this country, he would immediately be called upon to explain so unpatriotic a proceeding, and if he persisted, his name

would be placed in the "black book" of the Imperial Bank. Other Continental banks are under no obligation to pay in gold; they would simply offer silver, which we could not use. The United States could supply a certain quantity; but bad European harvests and the McKinley tariff might force the exchange against us, and render Australia and the Cape alone available for supplies of gold. Truly, a large and sudden demand for gold might possibly be met by arrivals from New York after eight or ten days, if so much grace were granted to us; certainly we could not wait for supplies from more distant countries. The public might reasonably think that we could turn adverse exchanges by the sale on the Continental bourses of securities negotiable in Paris or Berlin. Unfortunately, we have little or no floating stock of international bonds. We used to hold a fair quantity of French, German, Dutch, Russian, Belgian, and Italian stocks; but in consequence of our successful conversion of consols, our holdings of first-class European securities have greatly diminished.

Our government is in no way to blame for the conversion which Mr. Goschen carried out so successfully. Hypercritics might say that the country was not ripe for so large an operation, that it was forced through by the then fortunate combination of circumstances, and that this is proved by the low price at which Goschens now stand in the market. Those whose stock was converted either with their consent or without it, if they omitted to object, naturally expected to receive new consols, which, although reduced as regards interest, would be realizable at about par. Had they foreseen so heavy a decline in the Goschens, they certainly would have refused the proffered conversion which has inflicted a loss on the investing classes of many millions.

Another disadvantage resulting from this financial *coup* is, that other European nations either converted their debts or issued loans yielding lower rates of interest. Thus these bonds became less attractive to English investors. Another obstacle kept the new bonds from the London market. We suffer under the imposition of stamp duties higher than those which obtain on the Continent.

For these reasons those who held foreign stocks refused to convert, and were paid off, and with those holders of consols, who were forced to seek a larger income, were induced to take Indian, colonial, and American securities.

Thus a speculative spirit prevailed in 1888, 1889, and the first half of 1890. Shares in gold mines and land companies were eagerly taken; millions were imprudently lent to Argentina, Uruguay, and other South American States. The resulting Baring crisis, with the humiliating borrowings of gold from the Bank of France and from Russia, has had a sobering influence, and presses upon us the necessity of taking preventive measures in the future. If evidence were needed of the dearth of European stocks in London, it can be found in the difficulty of obtaining delivery of such bonds on the account days. Out of over £500,000,000 of capital debt of Italy this country barely holds £10,000,000, which small amount is distributed among investors who are not likely to sell even to meet a demand for gold. Another example will confirm the fact of the exodus of Continental securities. We used to hold a large amount of Egyptian government five per cent. preferred bonds, and in consequence of our consol conversion that stock was converted into three and one-half per cents. at 91.

Our investing public did not find the new bonds attractive; many of them either demanded repayment of the old five per cent. bonds, or sold out the new three and one-half per cent. as quickly as possible. Some investors retained their holdings in inscribed stock, being induced to do so by the facility of transfer at the Bank of England. This was a serious mistake.

The inscribed stock cannot easily be sold on the Continent, and such limitation of negotiability depreciates its value. The price is about 85, as compared with 88½ for the same security in international bonds. Three months ago the inscribed stock was about five per cent. below the price of bonds. This experience acts as a further deterrent from holding Continental securities. It is only one instance of the depleted state of our market as regards the floating and available quantity of European securities. We hold now minute quantities of German, Dutch, Russian, and Belgian stocks. Our investments consist of Indian, colonial, and American stocks and shares, perfectly good in many instances; but almost all these have no market on the Continent, and cannot be rapidly converted into gold.

Further evidence of the process of depletion of Continental securities in our market may be gathered from the report of a Trust Company which appeared in the

Times of February 1st, from which the following is an extract :—

The chairman said that the enlargement of their powers of investment had been granted by the Court, subject to a slight alteration in the name of the company. The board had promptly used those powers. They had parted with a large quantity of Italian and Austrian stocks, and had reinvested the proceeds in first-class bonds of American railroads.

Our gold trouble is aggravated by the fact that protectionist tariffs on the Continent have forced us to seek distant markets for our manufactures, and as a result the volume of our resources continually locked up in distant countries is largely increased. We cannot, as in former times, diminish a Continental drain of gold by the sale of manufactured goods in Continental markets, and by this means turn exchanges in our favor. While our stock of gold is small and our engagements to pay in that metal are enormous and increasing, other countries acquire gold and retain it with extraordinary tenacity. The German Bank holds about £48,000,000 of bullion, in addition to the £6,000,000 gold in the war-chest at Spandau. The Bank of France holds nearly £58,000,000 of gold, besides about £48,000,000 in silver. The United States treasury contains about £56,500,000, exclusive of gold held by banks; while we hold only our usual amount of twenty odd millions, of which but a small proportion is available to pay our international indebtedness. Hence arise constant fluctuations in our bank rate of discount, which is frequently maintained for a long period at one or two per cent. per annum above what the commercial demand would warrant.

No one can foretell what the bank rate will be even a month hence, whereas transactions with distant countries frequently involve the locking up of funds or the granting of credit for a long period.

Let us compare the position of a prudent trader in England with his rival in France, both competing for the supply of goods to a distant buyer, involving six or twelve months' credit. The English merchant or manufacturer must base his calculations upon the probable bank rate six months hence. If he is very careful, and bases his estimate on a high bank rate, he may miss the business. On the other hand, if he calculates on a low rate, he may make a heavy loss.

They manage these things better in France, where the bank rate of discount

is kept year after year at three per cent.; consequently the prudent French trader need not trouble himself as to the value of money; that element of risk practically does not exist for him. Our bank rate of discount is constantly varying, being based almost entirely on the amount of gold held in the issue department. A couple of millions more or less will cause the pendulum to swing between a two per cent. and a six per cent. rate. The directors of the Bank of England, if they err at all, do so generally on the side of prudence. We therefore constantly see the official minimum rate of discount maintained at one per cent. or two per cent. above what is required for trading purposes. It is calculated that in ordinary circumstances the amount of bills of exchange actually afloat at any one time is £300,000,000, and that if that amount is affected by an unnecessarily high bank rate for three months, each one per cent. would impose a burden of £750,000.

It may be argued that if our traders and manufacturers lose, our capitalists gain at their expense, as well as at the cost, in some cases, of foreigners for whom we accept. Such reasoning is purely one-sided. Irrespective of the preferential consideration that we should bestow on the trading classes, we are losing our lead in the commerce of the world by burdening our manufacturers with needlessly high rates of interest. If certain reductions ought to be made from the loss indicated above because a portion of the bills of exchange may not have been created for trade purposes, on the other hand, our bank rate of discount affects hundreds of millions of loans based on that rate.

I have now endeavored to prove to the public that our highly organized and complex credit system is liable to get out of gear; that no efficient safety-valve protects us from danger; that credit is worked up to a point unknown elsewhere; that a number of discount brokers hold bills and floaters which, at a moderate estimate, must reach £20,000,000 on "call money" liable to be called in times of pressure, and that our stock of gold in the bank's issue department and our banking reserves are absurdly inadequate to meet large and sudden demands for gold and bank-notes. I will now proceed to consider if any, and what, remedies are desirable and practicable.

Mr. Goschen has endeavored to clear the ground of the mystification, which exists in some quarters, between the

metallic store in the issue department of the Bank of England and the paper and metallic reserves in the banking department of that institution. The issue department constitutes in point of fact the State bank, and is permitted to issue £16,450,000 of notes against British government securities, while all excess of notes issued must be in exchange for gold. Thus, as the stock of gold is about £22,000,000, the issue at present may reach about £38,450,000. These bank-notes are legal tender only so long as the Bank of England pays gold for its notes, and if so great a catastrophe could occur as the suspension of gold payments by the bank every debtor must meet his liabilities in gold. It would, however, be in the power of the government to make Bank of England notes legal tender without limitation, or, in other words, to impose a forced paper currency.

This danger need not be considered, as the Bank of England is so ably managed, and the bank-note issue is so efficiently protected, that no special stress need be laid on the limitation of legal tender quality of the Bank of England notes. We may, however, be permitted to criticise minor points in the management of the banking department of that institution, so that means may be found to lessen anxiety in times of pressure.

The Bank of England differs from neighboring State banks in the ineffective influence it exercises over the outside discount market. It therefore is frequently necessary to absorb floating money by the bank borrowing on consols, in order to raise market rates of discount. This condition of things is partially caused by the comparatively small amount of bills held by the bank under discount. In another respect our bank differs from European State banks, which are not allowed to hold securities other than bills of exchange, and the stocks of the State in which each bank is situated. It is currently asserted that only a moderate proportion of the amount published under the head of other securities consists of bills of exchange, and that the bank holds railway securities, a proceeding which diminishes its bill portfolio, and lessens its control over the discount market. Many European State banks hold portfolios of sterling bills, and when the exchange, say in Berlin, approaches the point when gold can be sent to this country, the Imperial Bank sells sufficient sterling bills to depress the exchange below the danger point. That is a powerful lever, even stronger than ap-

pears at first sight, because the moment that it is known that the bank is selling, other holders of bills on London follow suit, thus preventing our receiving even a small quantity of gold.

It might be advisable for our bank to fight the German institution with a similar weapon by gradually acquiring a portfolio of a million or two in sterling value of bills on Germany. If this operation were carefully managed, the bills could be renewed as they became due by utilizing the services of some eminent Berlin banker, and the result could hardly fail to be profitable. The bills would be bought at a time when the exchange on Berlin would be some points in favor of this country, and, whenever it dropped to about the gold export point, the bills could be sold with a profit. Such an investment would also have the negative virtue of diminishing a drain to Germany, whenever it became unwise to let our gold go to that bourne whence no gold returns. Minor improvements of this character might, when combined, do something towards the retention of our stock of gold, and would tend to equalize our discount rates.

But the great blemish of inadequate reserves held by the Bank of England, and by the other bankers and merchants, remains untouched. How can we apply a sufficient remedy which, if accepted by the banking community, would necessarily reduce their dividends? In New York, where there is no State bank, the Associated Banks are obliged by law to hold twenty-five per cent. of their net deposits in legal tender. If that margin were insisted upon in this country, we should have too much money lying idle. Possibly an elastic system might be legally imposed upon all banking institutions in England, somewhat upon the following bases: There might be indicated three stages: the danger point, ten per cent. of deposits, below which the cash reserve should never be allowed to fall, under penalty of the bank being eventually wound up; a moderately safe reserve of fifteen per cent.; and a perfectly safe reserve of twenty per cent. of their deposits. These reserves might be regulated somewhat after the following fashion. A bank or banker reducing the reserve below twenty per cent., but not below fifteen per cent., to pay a tax to the government equivalent to the interest for the time being, calculated at the bank rate of discount on the amount withdrawn. If the reserve is further reduced, and drops below fifteen per cent., a similar tax, calculated at the rate of ten

per cent. per annum, to be paid to the government; the minimum reserve of ten per cent. of the deposits to be rigidly maintained. A similar arrangement might be imposed on the Bank of England, so that its central reserve should be on the same bases, the bank holding in addition the bankers' reserves.

In passing from this part of my subject, it is necessary to say that my proposals are but rough suggestions which could be modified in various directions. It is impossible for a private individual to obtain precise information such as would warrant an interference with free banking. A Parliamentary Committee might obtain such information, or it may be found that another and inexpensive means of establishing a permanent reserve would suffice. The public may be aware that, without breaking the Bank Charter Act of 1844, there is only one mode of increasing the circulation of this country, and that is by the importation of gold. The active circulation of about £25,000,000 notes appears to suffice in ordinary times for the requirements of circulation in England. This is in addition to the gold and silver currency, variously estimated at £60,000,000 to £75,000,000 of the former and £20,000,000 to £25,000,000 of the latter. Although this volume of gold coins and silver tokens circulates in the United Kingdom, the bulk, no doubt, is retained by the English public — one-ponnd notes being preferred to gold in Ireland and Scotland.

This circulation of over £100,000,000 in bank-notes, gold, and silver fluctuates in ordinary times to the extent of several millions. It contracts in the spring, when the largest proportion of taxes is paid, and it expands in the autumn on account of agricultural wages and the needs of travellers.

In periods of great pressure, or "panicky" times, a sudden and large expansion of the currency occurs. If a large bank is known to be in difficulties, other banks find it necessary to be largely supplied with legal tender. The gold in circulation may be slightly diminished in the pockets of the people, but it would, under those circumstances, be retained by banks and bankers to strengthen their position. In such times the strain is concentrated on the Bank of England, and, if a serious commercial crisis occurs, the Bank Charter Act is suspended in order that solvent houses and institutions may be upheld. The foregoing refers to an ordinary commercial crisis, unaccompanied by a foreign

drain of gold, which, of course, causes a contraction of our circulation.

It must be remembered that all great wars have occurred in bimetallic times, and that no important European war has taken place since gold has become the sole medium for international payment. Before 1873 warfare was carried on in Europe, as now in India and China, by the aid of silver; consequently, when a war broke out in which we were not engaged, gold was not absolutely necessary, and was sent here for safe custody. Now a strong feeling prevails in Europe that the country which can pay for war supplies in gold will most likely prevail against the power which lacks such resources. We ought, therefore, to provide against the possibility of a sudden and enormous demand for gold leading to a gold panic to which a commercial crisis might be added.

It has been frequently stated that it is far better to have a large central store of gold than to be contented with a smaller stock, with the knowledge that unavailable millions are in the pockets of the public. Leaving sentiment on one side, is it of much greater advantage to the State for sovereigns to be in the pockets of the people than gold watches with gold chains attached? I fail to see any great difference between the minimum of the gold circulation and the gold articles in the pockets or in the houses of the public — all are equally unavailable.

We could not reduce to any considerable extent the gold in circulation by raising the bank rate even to panic point of ten per cent. Every one would try to obtain currency, and gold would be used for that purpose. If we imagine an extreme case, such as the suspension of gold payments by the Bank of England, and a forced paper currency, gold would then be hoarded or exported to foreign countries. Only a strong patriotic feeling, evoked by some great national danger, might induce the public to send in their gold for national needs.

It is evident that in this country we can only add to our central store of gold by importing it from abroad, or by withdrawing it from circulation.

If we import it from abroad in the ordinary way, it is added to our circulation, either in the form of gold coins, or, as is most usual, in the form of bank-notes, for which it is exchanged at the Bank of England. This addition to our supply depresses its value in the discount market. Thus, a large arrival of gold generally causes a fall in the value of money, until

the extra gold is exported and the circulation contracted to its normal condition.

It is therefore evident that if we desire to keep an increased stock of gold at the Bank of England by means of importations of that metal, we must adopt means to keep our discount rates equal to or higher than, those of neighboring countries. This is an expensive process, because those countries which also desire to attract gold would certainly raise their discount rates, with the result that we might have to impose an intolerable burden on our manufacturers and traders.

If we adopt the alternative course of withdrawing gold from circulation, we must replace the currency so withdrawn by some convenient substitute. The present moment, when light gold has to be withdrawn, is especially opportune for issuing £1 notes. In countries like France, where the State bank has the option of paying in silver, gold can easily be withdrawn from circulation and silver coins substituted. That course could not be taken here.

A few millions of gold might be withdrawn from our circulation without inconvenience, by calling in the light gold coins, of which at least thirty millions are in the possession of the public. The bank is now receiving light gold from bankers at the full value. Of these probably £3,000,000 to £5,000,000 are held in excess of currency requirements, owing to the maintenance of our absurd law, which every one disregards, from the chancellor of the exchequer and the Bank of England downwards, of cutting fairly worn gold.

The result of the intended withdrawal will hardly be satisfactory, because, unless bankers increase their reserve, the surplus light gold will render available more funds for employment in discounts, and an export of gold will ensue. The most harmless and least expensive mode of withdrawing gold from circulation and storing it at the Bank of England, would be by replacing such gold with £1 notes to the exact value of the sovereigns withdrawn.

This process would leave the circulation absolutely unaltered, consequently no export of gold would be incited, and the gold so withdrawn would be most useful in times of pressure.

Before detailing the procedure which I advocate, let us consider the arguments in favor and against the use of £1 notes in England. There is no doubt they would be convenient for those who now find it troublesome to carry five or ten sovereigns

in their pockets. Also for those who travel in England or Wales, in places where they might find it difficult to change a cheque or a large bank-note. Again, those who reside at some distance from a bank would prefer to keep in their houses notes to gold, especially as £1 notes could be as easily exchanged as sovereigns. Large employers of labor would find it easier and less expensive to receive £1 notes than gold, while the risk of robbery would be greatly diminished.

The use of bank-notes of the value of one pound is almost universal. Millions of persons of British and Irish birth or descent prefer small notes to gold. This feeling prevails wherever small bank-notes have been used for some time. In Scotland and Ireland £1 notes are preferred to gold, and from information I have received from the provinces, I can state that there is no doubt that an issue of many millions would be gladly welcomed, and would eventually be preferred to gold.

The objections are—that they would be largely forged, that they would soon become dirty, that they would spread infection, and that they would cause much trouble to count or to take the numbers.

Well-made notes could not be easily forged. For instance, a series of well-made twenty-mark notes was issued by the imperial government of Germany in 1882, and no case is on record of a forgery of these notes. It is hardly probable that forgers would exercise their misdirected skill on small notes, when those of a higher denomination could be as easily imitated. Counterfeit coins are more frequently made than counterfeit notes. There is no doubt, however, that the number of such counterfeits has greatly diminished owing to the improvement in the intellectual and moral condition of the masses since compulsory education was established in 1870. Dirty notes would be kept back and not reissued by the Bank of England or its branches, and if the counting gave some trouble at first, it could be reduced to a minimum by keeping the notes in packets of tens and of hundreds.

The numbers of these £1 notes need not be taken by the bankers; they would be in substitution of sovereigns, which have no numbers. I have ascertained that in other countries, including Scotland and Ireland, the numbers are not taken. I have also good authority for stating that but little clerical labor is caused by the circulation of £1 notes in Scotland and Ireland. As regards infection, we have yet to learn that Scotland, Canada, or any

other possession of ours, suffers in any way from the circulation of small notes. It is doubtful if a single case of infection has been traced to £1 notes in any country in the world.*

Now, let us suppose that the Bank of England is able to issue, not the £25,000,000 anticipated by Mr. Goschen, but £11,000,000 in £1 notes, receiving the exact equivalent in gold. At present, with £22,000,000 of gold, the Bank of England issues over £38,000,000 in bank-notes. It could, with an extra £11,000,000 of gold, issue an extra £19,000,000; but if a law were passed that in ordinary times the £1 notes might only be issued against gold, pound for pound, we should have in times of pressure an effective increase in our reserve of £8,000,000 in notes issued against securities, if the demand was for additional currency, or about £5,000,000 of gold, if the pressure was for that metal. Should the Bank of England be able to issue £22,000,000 in £1 notes, the extra reserve for panic times would be either £16,000,000 in notes of any denomination issued against securities, or £10,000,000 in gold, in case of a gold panic. The bank-note issue would be amply protected even in a commercial crisis; in fact, it would, if that were possible, be safer than at present, because £1 notes would be *pocket-notes*, not *panic-notes*; they would take the place of sovereigns as well as of small cheques, which are so troublesome to bankers.

The outcry against Mr. Goschen's proposal to increase the fiduciary issue of the Bank of England is quite justified, because, if the bank were allowed to issue in the proportion of four £1 notes against gold, and one against securities, one-fifth of the amount of £1 notes issued would be driven out of the country in the shape of gold exports.

The proposal I make would leave the circulation absolutely unaltered in ordinary times, and in extraordinary times a perfectly justifiable note issue would never be exceeded. The mode of procedure in times of pressure might be as follows: Should the bank's reserve drop to danger point, the Bank of England, *with the consent of the chancellor of the exchequer*, could issue £2,000,000 of extra notes, paying the government eight per cent. per annum for the amount so issued, and,

with the like consent, a further sum of £2,000,000, paying ten per cent. per annum, and, if necessary, a further amount paying twelve per cent. On occasions of great difficulty, over-issues have been made by breaking the law, with the sanction of the chancellor of the exchequer; yet the amount of £2,000,000, the issue of which was thus irregularly sanctioned, sufficed. It acted like oil on the troubled waters, and panic was allayed.

Mr. Goschen's motive in increasing the fiduciary power of the Bank of England in ordinary times was avowedly to compensate that institution for the trouble and expense of issuing £1 notes.

Now, can it be necessary to cause a redundancy in the circulation, with a resulting export of gold, in order to save a few thousand pounds a year in the cost and clerical labor involved in the issue of £1 notes?

The cost of manufacture is very slight, and would not exceed a penny per note. Thus eleven millions would entail an expenditure of nearly £46,000. The average life of a small note has been estimated in foreign countries to be five years; but as we are very fastidious about having clean notes, we will assume that they would last four years, the cost per annum would then be £11,500.

It is difficult for an outsider to estimate the cost to the bank of extra clerical labor involved in the issue of £1 notes; but it could not be very large, because the notes would be reissued without taking the numbers. This is the almost universal practice with other State banks.

As a set-off against this expenditure, there would be the saving of the wear of sovereigns displaced by the £1 notes—a large item, as is evident by the fact that £400,000 has been voted to rehabilitate the light gold in circulation, which sum may possibly prove insufficient. It is estimated that a sovereign, on an average, becomes light at the expiration of twenty years—a moderate estimate indeed for coins in active circulation—and this is the class of coins that would be replaced by £1 notes.

At the end of twenty years of active circulation a sovereign costs at least five-pence to replace by a new coin, or a penny every four years, which is the exact cost of producing a £1 note. Another set-off would be the gain obtained from lost notes. No doubt £1 notes would be more frequently lost or destroyed than those of a larger value. There would also be the general gain to bankers, in which the

* If we take as an example scarlet fever, which is a very infectious disease, we find that during the nine years, 1881-1889, the average death-rate for that malady per one thousand of population was 33·8 for England, and 29·9 for Scotland, where £1 notes circulate.

Bank of England would largely participate, of the diminution or total cessation of drawing cheques for £1.

Let me now recapitulate the three measures which, if carried into effect, would, in my opinion, obviate any possibility of danger which can be foreseen. We cannot, however, predict what might be the effects of a panic in times when, as at present, bimetallism has been abandoned by Continental powers, and gold is rushed after. The remedies are, first, a reserve imposed by legislation on banks and bankers, varying with the amount of their deposits, which can be withdrawn on demand or at very short notice, the same law to apply to the minimum reserve of the Bank of England, exclusive of bankers' reserves.

2nd. That the Bank of England should restrict its investments to British government securities and commercial bills, of which latter some bills might be payable abroad. This would not preclude the bank from lending on other securities as hitherto.

3rd. That the bank be empowered and required to issue £1 notes under precisely the same regulations as obtain with regard to the existing note issue, namely, above £16,450,000 against gold, with a certain permissible proportion against silver.

My second and third proposals might be tried first, and if they did not prove to be thoroughly efficacious, the question of imposing upon banks and bankers a legal minimum reserve might be considered.

In conclusion, let me say that if I have portrayed possible dangers in sombre colors; if I have taken a pessimistic view of our financial position, and ventured to place unwelcome facts frankly before the public, I have done so at a time when we have an outside discount rate of two per cent., accompanied by a plethora of money and a depression in trade, at a period when no staple is at a fabulous price, when no inflation or great speculation exists, so that we can calmly and deliberately provide for contingencies, instead of waiting till bad times may force us to review our position, and to rush into hasty legislation.

SAMUEL MONTAGU.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE COMTE DE FERSEN.

"A LIKELY young soldier with alert, decisive ways." Thus, Carlyle, in one brief, trenchant sentence, describes the

man who, in coachman's disguise, drove a carriage load of trembling fugitives out of Paris, and on "through the ambrosial night" of June 20, 1791. It is in connection with that flight of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which, well conceived and boldly executed through his agency, ended in such miserable, disastrous failure at Varennes, that the name of Jean Axel de Fersen is chiefly remembered. Not in virtue of his own stainless, gallant life, or in virtue of its most terrible and tragic ending, but of that link, broken only in death, which connected him with a beautiful, heroic, disrowned woman, a queen, in whose slow martyrdom, in whose last lonely hours of anguish, men and women of whatever faith, of whatever politics, must always feel an undying interest, a living sympathy almost as fresh as when in those days of terror all Europe stood aloof and waited for news of her fate. The Comte de Fersen waited with the rest. But he at least had done what he could to save her, in memory of those bright bygone days when together they had danced in merry company in gay ball-rooms, together they had driven their gilded sleighs over the frozen snow, together they had wandered through the sweet-scented gardens, the tranquil woodland ways of the little Trianon. These two had played in concert at tragedy and comedy on a mimic stage, and when the other actors vanished, falling away from her, the inspirer of their pleasures, the life of their sports, like sapless leaves at the first pinch of frost, it was but natural that this man, who loved her disinterestedly, where so many professed devotion and paid a homage which had always some personal end in view, should stand by her as long as he could; that he should to the last, when his actual presence would only have been an added danger, cheer her by his words of comfort and counsel from a distance. It was the abiding memory of those other days, which seemed now as gone by and remote as if the dust of centuries already covered them, that kept the young Swedish noble in Paris, while French nobles fled, that brought him masquerading on the box seat of that historic coach into the deserted courtyard of the Tuileries, to wait with beating heart the advent of his precious freight.

Of all the European sovereigns, Gustavus III. of Sweden was the staunchest friend that the French royal family possessed, so that the Comte de Fersen could at least feel that, in all he strove to do for them as an individual, he was backed by

his master's approval. "If I can serve them," he writes to his father, "what pleasure will it not give me to acquit myself of a part at least of the obligations I owe them. What a sweet satisfaction for my heart if I am able to contribute towards their happiness." What he owed them was a kindly reception when he first came, young and a stranger, to Paris; and, later, in the early days of Marie Antoinette's reign, what he recalled with such gratitude was the distinction bestowed on him by words and smiles from those gracious girlish lips—the smiles not only of a queen, but of a charming woman. Of all the others in that light-hearted, light-beeled crowd, scarce one friend remained to her now. Some were in exile, voluntary or not; some had gone before her on the dark road to the guillotine; some had deliberately forsaken and traduced her in the hour of her need. It is a national characteristic of which the French have no reason to be proud, that they are inconstant in adversity, ready to belaud the victor of to-day to the skies, and to trample the victim of to-morrow in the dust. Marie Antoinette had kept a few friends—a very few—out of the wreck of her life, and none held a closer place in it than Axel de Fersen. How close, how dear, no one will ever know. Calumny battered on their friendship, and called it an intrigue. But calumny had pursued the queen from the moment she set foot in France, as a merry child of fifteen, a light-hearted dauphiness, had haunted her most innocent pleasures, and dogged her from her throne to her felon's grave. And it was never able to produce a single proof positive against a virtue that was exposed to every temptation, subject to every contamination. If any such proof had existed, we may feel certain it would have been brought to light and flung in her face along with that hideous list of vague and preposterous accusations upon which Fouquier framed her death-warrant. That they ever were more to each other than friends, dearest, truest, friends, there is nothing definite to indicate. Had they been so in a court where every little thing she said and did was spied on by a hundred spiteful eyes, and listened to by a hundred spiteful ears, to be whispered about almost before it was guessed at, a court where the queen lived night and day in public, the story would have passed beyond the surmise of scandal.

That Fersen was the man to whom as a woman Marie Antoinette's heart would naturally have responded one can well be-

lieve. She was young, lovely, and left to herself by a husband eminently unsuited to win her affection. She found in his gentle reliability and steadfast truth a support and companionship she sorely needed, and he possessed all the outward attributes that charm as well. "His face and air were very well suited to a hero of romance—but not of a French romance," was a comment passed on him by a contemporary. One has only to consider that face and air, as portrayed in a beautiful engraving from a miniature painted of him at the age of twenty-eight, to endorse the compliment and the criticism. Coming from Parisian lips, it was doubtless meant as both.

Axel de Fersen belonged, both in looks and disposition, to an essentially northern type. On the broad, grave forehead, in the long, full-lidded grey eyes—which, with their soft sweep of eyelash and the finely pencilled brows above them, are almost womanly in their beauty—there lies a seriousness akin to melancholy; while the delicate lines of his charming mouth and the firmness of his chin express a character calm, reserved, and resolute. It is the face of a man "sans peur et sans reproche"—the face of a man a woman might trust to the world's end.

The De Goncourts, in their admirable "*Histoire de Marie Antoinette*," while refuting one after the other the various calumnies against the queen, by pointing out on what slight and doubtful evidence they rest, yet admit that the testimony of all contemporary letters and memoirs goes to prove that for Fersen she had "*l'amitié la plus vive, la plus tendre, la plus approchante du sentiment*." And that friendship, begun in sunshine, starting gaily on the smooth tide of prosperity, outlived the foundering of many others. Long after, when Marie Antoinette's graceful coquetties were washed out in bitter tears, when her lips had forgotten their smiles, and her heart was dead to all personal hope and joy, and beat only in throbs of anguish for her children, her letters to Fersen attest how inalienable a place he held in her gratitude and affection. He was, perhaps, foremost in her mind when in that sad final hour she wrote her farewell letter—one of the noblest and most pathetic letters ever penned by a woman—to Madame Elisabeth. "I had friends once; the idea of being separated from them forever, and of their sorrow, is one of the greatest regrets I carry with me in dying. Let them know, at least, that until my last moment I thought of them."

Jean Axel de Fersen was born in September, 1755. He came of a noble Swedish family, distinguished in the annals of their country for military achievements, and for other qualities which fitted them for being more than merely brave soldiers. His father, Field-Marshal Frederic de Fersen, headed the liberal party among the Swedish aristocracy. At the age of fifteen, young Fersen was sent abroad with a tutor to pursue his studies, military studies especially, at Brunswick, Turin, and Strasburg. Three years later, in 1773, he paid his first visit to Paris, and here and at this period his diary, which he had already commenced keeping with great care and some fulness of detail, begins to be extremely interesting. This diary, kept through nearly all the troublous days of the French Revolution and up to his own tragic death, as well as the bulk of his letters to Marie Antoinette and other people of note, was published in 1878, with a sketch of his life by his great-nephew, the Baron de Klinckowström. It bears the title of "Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France," and for any one who cares to read an authentic record of events, before and during the Terror, the book is full of interest, the first volume especially. Not the least of the interest it contains lies in the peculiarly charming mind and character of Axel de Fersen.

But to return to that first visit of his to Paris. No sign of the coming storm had as yet stirred the serenity of the atmosphere, or its mutterings were still so distant and so low that only very keen ears caught them forebodingly. Versailles was at its brightest, the court at its gayest, and M. de Fersen's rank and connections gave him the *entrée* of the highest society, while his eighteen years and his manly good looks enabled him to enjoy to the uttermost the balls, theatricals, card parties, and other diversions to which he was bidden on all sides. The *jeunesse dorée* must have been more energetic in those days than they are now. Young Fersen thought nothing of dancing from eight one evening to six the next morning, and seems to have done it in good company, though he considered that his Parisian acquaintances lacked a proper zest in their amusements. "They have the bad habit," he writes, "of always saying 'I am bored,' and that poisons all their pleasures."

The Swedish ambassador wrote with positive enthusiasm to Gustavus III. in his young compatriot's praise. "It is not possible to behave with greater tact and discretion than he does. With the hand-

somest of faces, and plenty of wit, he could not fail to succeed in society, and that he has done completely. Your Majesty will certainly be pleased with him, but what so especially makes M. de Fersen worthy of his favors, is that he is of a singular nobility and elevation of mind." "More judgment than wit, circumspect with men, reserved with women, serious without being dull," was the verdict passed on him by the Duc de Lévis, at the period of his *début*.

There is no account of Axel de Fersen's first meeting with the woman who was destined so deeply to influence his whole life. Only he records on January 30, 1774, that he went to the *bal de l'opéra*. "There was a crowd of people, Mme. la Dauphine and M. le Dauphin came and stayed half an hour without any one remarking their presence. Mme. la Dauphine talked to me for some time without my recognizing her." Marie Antoinette was then in the first freshness of her light-hearted youth and the same age as himself. But he did not remain long in Paris on this occasion to enjoy his social successes; he left for England in the spring, returning early in the following year to Sweden. A military career was made very smooth in those days for young men of rank like Axel de Fersen. He had held a cavalry commission almost from his childhood, and he was now given a captaincy in the King's Light Horse. But he had no fancy for being a mere carpet soldier, and with Sweden at peace with the rest of the world, and no chance of active service at home, he started once more on his travels. The autumn of 1778 found him again in Paris. When he reappeared at court Marie Antoinette, now queen of France, exclaimed on seeing him: "Ah! Here is an old acquaintance!" Fersen, writing a little later to his father, says: "The queen, who is the prettiest and most lovable princess that I know, has had the kindness often to inquire after me. She asked Creutz why I did not come to her Sunday card parties."

Marie Antoinette was always especially gracious to foreigners. She felt she could allow herself to be so. Among them, after her friendship with the Polignacs had been cooled by circumstances not to the latter's credit, she formed her most intimate circle. And when some one thought it necessary to point out to her the dangers of showing such a marked preference, and the offence it gave to the French nobility, she replied sadly: "You

are right, but they are the only ones who ask nothing from me."

Her favors had been so traded on, her natural kindness and generosity made the occasion of such constant intrigues, it was no wonder if she came to look on a disinterested affection as one of the first best goods of life, and the most unattainable. When Fersen appeared at her card-table, she never failed to receive him with "a few words full of kindness," and after that they met frequently, and with little of the formality of court etiquette, at balls, at merry evenings at the *Trianon en petite comilé*, at select parties given for the queen in Mme. de Polignac's or Mme. de Lamballe's apartments. The bonds of frivolous amusement first drew them together, and the light links it wove between them strengthened into that deep attachment which none of the after storms of fate could sever. They must have been a goodly pair. Marie Antoinette in the undimmed brilliance of her radiant variable beauty; Axel de Fersen with his soldierly bearing and clear-cut, aristocratic face. In those bright days of mutual pleasure, no inkling of a cruel future could have crossed their minds. Why should it? They were young, handsome, light-hearted. One belonged to a royal, the other to a privileged race; all the desirable things in life seemed theirs inalienably by birthright.

But envy and malice soon crept into their small paradise and spoilt it. People began to talk of their intimacy, jumping, as seems to have been always the way of courtiers, to the worst possible conclusions. It was whispered in the highest circles, and from them filtered down to the lowest, that the queen was deeply in love with M. de Fersen; that they were always meeting alone and having long interviews; that, seated one evening at her piano, Marie Antoinette had looked meaningly at him as she sang the words of a then fashionable operatic song:—

Ah! que je fus bien inspirée,
Quand je vous reçus dans ma cour!

Axel de Fersen was able for the time being to silence slander, and to obtain the main object for which he had left Sweden. He was appointed, as a great favor, aide-de-camp to the general in command of the French expedition about to start for America. All the court favorites, whose successful rival he had been, rejoiced unfeignedly over his unexpectedly sudden departure; and a great lady had the effrontery to say to him before he left:

"What, monsieur, you abandon thus your conquest?" "If I had made one," replied Fersen, with quiet dignity, "I should not have abandoned it. I depart free; and, unhappily, without leaving behind me any regrets."

And here we may quote from the despatch of Baron Creutz, the Swedish ambassador, to Gustavus III., on which the calumniators of the queen have delighted to dwell maliciously in proof of their assumptions. He wrote thus of M. de Fersen's going: "I confess I cannot help believing that she has a *penchant* for him. I have seen indications too certain to be able to doubt of it. The young Comte de Fersen behaved on this occasion with an admirable modesty and reserve; above all, in the part which he took in leaving for America. The queen's eyes could not quit him those last days: in looking at him they were full of tears."

Some pathetic little verses which she wrote in a note-book belonging to him, beside a miniature of herself signed by Boquet, are recorded in the private correspondence of the Comte de Vaudreuil. They run thus:—

Qu'écrirez-vous sur ces tablettes?
Quels secrets leur confierez-vous?
Ah! sans doute elles furent faites
Pour les souvenirs les plus doux!
En attendant qu'à cet usage
Ce souvenir soit employé,
Qu'il soit permis à l'amitié
D'en remplir la première page!

Alas! poor queen! If she loved him, or would have, under other circumstances; if, in her early loveless life, her warm heart, craving for affection, turned to his, is it a thing to be wondered at? Is it the subject for a sneer? Afterwards, when she lived only for her children, and all her affections were centred in them, she remembered him; and he loved and served her till she had passed beyond help of his, however loyal, "to where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

Yes, for once, Fersen, the aristocrat, drew his sword on the side of democratic liberty. He assisted as Rochambeau's aide-de-camp at the siege of Yorktown, where Lord Cornwallis surrendered, and remained in America till peace was concluded in 1783. He gained considerable advancement in the service, as well as experience, from those three years of campaigning. By Gustavus III. he was made a chevalier de l'Épée and lieutenant-colonel, by Louis XVI. chevalier of the Order of Military Merit, and colonel of

one of his regiments — the Royal Suédois; all this at eight-and-twenty! It was at this period that his miniature was painted, the engraving from which makes a charming frontispiece to the first volume of his diary. Henceforth his duties in both armies obliged him to divide his time between France and Sweden.

Axel de Fersen was no narrow-minded aristocrat. He had indeed fewer prejudices than most of his class, having been brought up in an atmosphere of what were then considered liberal ideas. At first the Revolution which he returned to find impending seemed to him a beginning of better things for oppressed, tax-loaded France. To use his own words, "a healthy malady needing only a good doctor." Then, as the months passed, and the fever heat rose higher and higher, the near prospect appalled him, and his hopefulness changed to dismay. Early in 1790 he resigned the command of the Royal Suédois, and was sent by Gustavus III. to reside in Paris and be his direct means of communication with the king and queen. To the Comte de Fersen this was a most welcome opportunity of proving his gratitude and devotion to those who had shown him kindness in happier days. And while others sought safety in flight, he remained, forming one of a little ever-dwindling group of friends and counsellors on whom Marie Antoinette could really depend.

By the early summer of the following year the king's position had become so desperate, their last best hope lay in flight. It was then that Fersen planned and carried out the escape which ended so fatally at Varennes; he only left them when he had taken them safely past the barrier as far as Bondy. From thence he did not disappear "into unknown space," as Carlyle puts it, but rode across country to Mons, to send a few triumphant lines to his father, telling him that the royal family were well on their way to Normandy, and that he himself was about to rejoin them. At midnight on June 23 he wrote to him again, this time in bitter grief and disappointment. "My dear father, all is lost, and I am in despair. The king has been arrested at Varennes. Judge of my sorrow and pity me." Perhaps he was most to be pitied when, shortly after, there reached him that sad little letter from his unhappy queen. "I exist," it begins, "that is all. How anxious I have been for you, and how I compassionate you for all you will suffer in not having news of us. May Heaven permit that this reaches you. We are watched day and night, but

that does not matter. Be easy. Nothing will happen to me."

Even at this juncture people were not wanting who accused the Comte de Fersen of sacrificing the royal family to his own ambition. In a letter to Marie Antoinette he tells her of these reports: "They are right. I had the ambition to be of use to you, and all my life I shall have the regret of not having succeeded. I wanted to acquit myself towards you of a part of those obligations it is so sweet to me to owe you, and I wanted to show them that one can be attached to people like you without any other interest. The rest of my conduct should have proved to them that that was my only ambition, and that the glory of having served you was my dearest recompense."

His father was now anxious for his return to Sweden, but Fersen soon convinced him that it was out of the question, that he could not desert the king and queen, nor go far out of reach of news from them. So he fixed his headquarters at Brussels, where for the time he could best serve their interests. A considerable portion of the French aristocracy as well as a large number of those who, as the Prince de Ligne says amusingly, had fled "from vanity," in order to prove a doubtful nobility, were located here, and having deserted their sovereign in his need, were now doing their best to hinder all rational efforts made for his deliverance. Axel de Fersen had never had a very high estimate of the French character, and an intimate acquaintance with the *émigrés*, with their levity, their indiscretions, and their hopeless incapacity for prudent and united action, did not tend to raise it.

By means of cypher and sympathetic ink he himself continued to correspond regularly with Marie Antoinette, directing and advising, as well as keeping her constantly informed of all that went on in Europe. They are sad enough reading, these letters and her answers; a record of hope deferred, of repeated disappointments, of plans of escape which came to nothing, and, saddest of all, pathetic allusions to "le temps heureux où nous nous reverrions." They did see each other once again. On February 11, 1792, M. de Fersen left Brussels disguised as a courier, having at last obtained Marie Antoinette's permission to risk a visit to Paris. In his diary of the 13th he writes: "Arrived without accident in Paris at half past five in the evening. . . . Went to the queen, passing in by my usual way for fear of the National Guards; did not see the king."

This laconic entry is the sole record of their meeting. Fersen had come full of the hope that the escape of the royal family might yet be contrived, but it was impossible, they were too closely watched, and he left Paris finally on the 21st, spending some hours with the king and queen together before leaving. "I took tea and supper with them," he writes, "and at midnight quitted them." He returned in safety to Brussels, though he narrowly escaped arrest on the way.

In the following month Gustavus III. of Sweden was assassinated, and in him the Comte de Fersen lost an affectionate friend and protector, and the French royal cause its strongest support. His brother-in-law, who succeeded him as regent, inaugurated a very different policy, and refused to join his troops with those of the Empress Catherine for a proposed invasion of Normandy. Henceforth Axel de Fersen's political influence was practically at an end. He was forced to stand aside and watch helplessly, while divided counsels and military incapacity brought defeat to the arms of the allies, and a death to all hope for the unhappy king and queen. Throughout that summer Marie Antoinette continued to write to him brief letters, addressed to an imaginary M. Rignon from an imaginary friend in Paris. In July she wrote: "I still exist, but it is by a miracle, . . . do not torment yourself too much on my account." After the royal family were imprisoned in the Temple correspondence became almost impossible, and to Fersen's bitter anxiety was added the trial of enforced ignorance. The public papers brought him news of the September massacres, of the king's trial and execution, of Marie Antoinette's separation from her children, then of her removal to the Conciergerie. From that time, though they hoped against hope and struggled with despair, her friends must have known that her fate was practically sealed, but the months dragged out nearly to another year, and she still lived. I think it was in the August of '93, in the midst of these tragic events, when the *émigrés* were suffering from terrible personal losses as well as national misfortunes, that Fersen speaks of going to the play at Brussels just to show himself, and "to avoid all that could have an air of affectation." He adds: "I found all the French there who ordinarily go, even the women. What a nation, great God!"

His diary for October 19, 1793, is full of the offer of a man named André, who declared himself willing for the sum of

two million francs to contrive the queen's escape. On October 20 he learned there was no longer any need for his plans, no longer any object for his hopes, that four days before, on October 16, Marie Antoinette had ceased to suffer. "Although I was prepared for it," he writes, "this certainly overwhelmed me. I had not the strength to feel anything. . . . It was frightful not to have any positive detail, to know that she was alone in her last moments, without consolation, without any one to speak to, to whom to give her last wishes. It fills one with horror. Those monsters of hell! No! without vengeance my heart will never be satisfied."

He did at least live to see his desire upon his enemies, in that the Revolution "devoured its own children."

After these events the Comte de Fersen, in 1796, was sent by Gustavus IV. as ambassador to the Congress of Rastadt; this and other diplomatic missions kept him abroad till 1800. He then returned to Sweden, where the last ten years of his life were spent. He was rich, and he had a great position; but death had deprived him within a few years of all whom he cared most for, his beloved queen, his father, his mother, his sister, his dearest friend, and private griefs and public anxieties combined to make his life a sad one. Sweden was passing through troubled times, and Gustavus IV. was a hard master to serve. He was deserted by the nation, and in 1809 was forced to abdicate, and Charles XIII. was elected to the throne, which was to descend on his death to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. A year later Prince Christian died suddenly, and the party which had deposed Gustavus IV. saw in the Comte de Fersen, now grand marshal of Sweden, the most distinguished representative of the old aristocracy, who desired the succession of Gustavus IV.'s son. They chose to believe that his death would crush their opponents, and with this end in view spread abroad horrible calumnies against him, accusing him especially of having poisoned the heir-apparent. On June 20, the day of the prince's funeral, it was known in Stockholm that an *émeute* was in preparation. The civic authorities warned Charles XIII. that the Comte de Fersen's life would be in danger if he attended the obsequies; but the former declined to take any measures for restraining the populace. The funeral procession as it entered Stockholm was headed by a detachment of cavalry, followed by a gilded coach drawn by six horses, in which sat Axel de

Fersen in his gorgeous uniform of grand marshal covered with sparkling decorations. He had not gone far before a clamorous crowd gathered in round his carriage, shouting insults and threats, and openly calling him Prince Christian's assassin. Soon, not content with this, they tore up paving stones and flung them, warming to their work as the object of their onslaught showed no sign of faltering or turning back.

At last at a turn of the street an immense concourse of people made further progress impossible. They pulled open the carriage doors and dragged Fersen out; but he managed to take refuge in a house near by. Only for a moment's breathing space. The general in command of the troops, warned of his peril, sent a handful of soldiers, too few to contend against the now infuriated mob. It would not be balked of its prey. Fersen was once more torn from his would-be protectors, dragged through the streets to the Hôtel de Ville, and there, in the courtyard, he was brutally, horribly murdered, he to whom a soldier's death would have been so welcome, who would gladly have died on the scaffold with the woman he loved. One wonders if he had time in that ghastly ordeal to remember her noble forgiveness of her murderers. He had time at least to gather his senses together, and follow her example. An onlooker told afterwards that just before his death Axel de Fersen struggled to his knees, crying aloud: "Oh! my God, who calleth me soon to thee, I implore thee for these my murderers, whom I forgive."

One bright sunny morning in May of last year I sat in the gardens of the little Trianon. The acacias and chestnuts were still in flower, cuckoos were singing lustily, and, for a wonder, the solitude was unbroken. Almost within sight was the grotto where Marie Antoinette was sitting when they came to tell her the mob from Paris was on its way to Versailles — the day on which she bade farewell to this beloved spot forever. What a *via dolorosa* from here to that dark, damp cell in the Conciergerie! Her Temple of Love still stands, but the white pillars are weather-stained and green with lichen, the stream that meandered past is filled up with grass and weeds, the tiny bridges are broken, the waterfalls have ceased to flow. The pretty little rustic cottages of the Hameau, in the planning and building of which she took so much innocent delight, remain, outwardly unimpaired, but they are closed and desolate. One peeps

in through a broken pane to catch glimpses of the small staircases and passages, up and down which red-heeled shoes and dainty feet once pattered lightly. An air of damp and mildew has crept over them. But better so; better neglect than they should be kept up, as in the empire days, for show. Marie Antoinette's Arcadia makes thus, in its weeds and desolation, a far more pathetic appeal to memory.

Oh, sweetest and most melancholy of spots! If ever ghosts walk this mortal earth they must surely haunt the Hameau in the warm hush of moonlit summer nights. Sitting there in the cheerful morning sunshine, with the banksia roses blooming yellow about the wooden balcony of the queen's cottage overhead, I saw no ghosts. But my mind, straying back to that long gone past, strove to evoke its brighter memories, strove to call up across the century's space that intervened the faces of dear dead men and women — the faces of Marie Antoinette and Axel de Fersen.

RACHEL GURNELL.

From Good Words.

A SAUL AND DAVID OF THE STEPPE.

BY MICHAEL A. MORRISON.

ON the right bank of the mighty Volga, about midway between the towns of Samara and Saratoff, a road leads away across the level and illimitable steppe to the lonely village of Sergéyevka. In dull November weather a traveller visiting this region, and looking only for the superficially picturesque, would be, perhaps, depressed by the dreary monotony of the landscape — interminable plains of brown grass, yellow stubble, and waste land, without a house or tree, without even a telegraph post to break the dead uniformity of nature; but if he were of a receptive humor, he might be impressed and interested by many a curious glimpse of life. He would pass an occasional Kalmyk shepherd — queer, slant-eyed, yellow-skinned heathens, trudging along the road in their greasy sheepskins — perhaps dragging a camel after them; he would see browsing on the stubble flocks of goats — haggard, weather-stained, and venerable beasts — the very goats for the foreground of some brown etching, dark with the passage of storm; and as he approached Sergéyevka he would notice the flaxen-haired Russian children tending the cattle; the leafless, silver-stemmed birches

round the little paddocks; the young poplars and the willows beside the stream, and by the squat houses of the peasants; the whitewashed church with its sky-blue cupola adorned with gilded stars; the bright headdresses of the women and girls, over their sunburnt faces; and the old men and *babui* sitting at the doors of their cottages, talking the everlasting small-talk of the village. Interesting enough scenes these for him who delights in the contrast of juxtaposition between what is familiar and what is remote and strange.

Count Pavl Kirilitch Levashoff was the owner of the village of Sergéyevka, the great man of the district. If the villagers were asked what they thought about Pavl Kirilitch they would answer by saying that he was a *ichudak*, a queer fellow, and would shrug their shoulders; but when pressed for fuller information they would admit that they knew little or nothing about him; that he kept himself remote from them in his big, lonely house across the stream; that they seldom saw him; and that they were all afraid of the sombre, silent man whom they called their *barin*. They had no love for him. He took his dues, and evinced no interest in their concerns. The priest and the schoolmaster never ventured to approach him when the harvest turned out badly, and they wanted help to ward off hunger from the village. He had come to Sergéyevka to live five years ago, when his father died — the Lord rest his soul — people said from Petersburg. In all that time he had never left the village, and no one of his former friends ever visited him — perhaps he had no friends. An old *baba* kept house for him, and Simyon Andreitch was his house-servant and steward all in one; but never a word would he speak of the barin. This was all the peasants could tell about Pavl Kirilitch.

But there was far more to tell. When Pavl Kirilitch arrived at Sergéyevka he was a man of thirty — a man young in years. But he was broken by dissipation; a ruined, wretched creature, who had wasted all the fortune left him by his mother, and all his father's savings as well. His life in Petersburg had been so strange and disgraceful, that all his relations had quarrelled with him, and all decent people shunned him. Just as he was being driven out of the society of the reprobates he frequented, for a fraud at cards more than usually flagrant, his father died; and disgraced, covered with contumely, branded as a common cheat, ruined

in pocket, in mind, and in body, he fled to Sergéyevka, and hid himself in shame — the horror of the memory of his past life eating out his heart, and bringing him to the verge of madness.

Years of unutterable misery were now his portion. The memory of what he had been, the mordant thought of what he might have been, the ghosts of past crimes, the woful career of sin and shame — all this burdened the heart of Pavl Kirilitch with a load of anguish, from which he vainly sought release. Only one friend remained to him, old Simyon the steward. Every one else fled from the lowering eyes that could only express hate and contempt; from the man whose cynical laugh, cruel speech, and storms of ungovernable fury made him an object of terror. It was this faithful servant who would often steal into the room where the barin was lying, face downward, on his bed, and remove his revolver, or his razor, or his rifle, fearing he would lay violent hands on himself in one of his fits of passion; or would try to still him as he would a child, when he lay moaning all through the night in the agony of his mind. Simyon Andreitch never heeded the hard words and black looks cast at him. He would say to himself: "The barin is in great trouble;" or, "The barin has a heavy cross to carry to-day;" or, "The Lord is smiting the barin more than he can bear, but it will all come right — *vsye boodyet kho rosho*."

It happened during one of the barin's "bad days" that old Simyon was in the little room that served him as office, a room adjoining his master's. He heard the swift, uneven steps of the conscience-stricken man, as he paced his room like a caged animal, and he wished from the bottom of his heart that he possessed a salve to heal wounds that could cause such unending anguish. But he noticed that Pavl Kirilitch's movements gradually became slower and more regular, until at last he stopped in front of a small cabinet. Simyon Andreitch rose, and through the slightly opened door he saw his master take from one of the drawers of the cabinet an old flute that had lain there unused ever since they came to Sergéyevka, and wet it preparatory to playing. Pavl Kirilitch sat down on his bed and began to play an old Russian melody that all the peasants of the Volga know — that he must have learnt when he was a child, long before he went out into the world — a song about the rising sun. And as he played the tears rolled down his haggard cheeks. Starting up suddenly, he broke

into peal after peal of horrible laughter, and, dashing the flute into the burning stove, he sank on the floor, sobbing as though his heart would break. The old steward crept into the room, and strove to soothe the stricken man; but for many a day after Pavl Kirilitch was as one dazed, as one from whom all consciousness had fled; silent, motionless, without either hope or passion of spirit.

Leaving the old baba in charge of his sick master, Simyon Andreitch one morning crossed the stream into the village, on some business connected with the estate. He was feeling sore at heart about the barin, revolving many things in his mind, thinking what could be done to alleviate the sufferings of the lonely and heartbroken man. As he drew near to Sergéyevka he noticed one of the village lads, perched on top of a ruined wall, singing and playing an accompaniment on the roughly made mandolin, so often seen in the hands of the Russian peasantry. Simyon Andreitch could not tell whether it was the melody itself, or the way in which it was sung, that fascinated him. He recognized it as the same simple air that the barin had played on the flute; but it was sung with so sweet a voice, and the coarsely made instrument was touched with so skilful a hand, that the old man stopped in wonder to regard the boy closer.

An inspiration flashed into Simyon Andreitch's mind: "I shall have that boy up to the house to play for Pavl Kirilitch. I'll have him up this evening, and he'll sit in my room, and I'll open the door a little so that the barin may hear him." Then, turning to the boy, "Meesha, little sonny, I want you to come over to the house this evening to sing me that song." And Meesha consented to go, provided Simyon Andreitch would not let the barin see him.

At evening, Meesha, and the old steward were sitting together in the little office, and the barin sat in his chair before the fire sadly watching the dying embers. Meesha was not at his ease so near the barin, but, nevertheless, when Simyon Andreitch whispered to him to sing, he took up his old mandolin, and all his innocent confidence returned as he sang the quaint little peasant song:—

The sun is God's lamp in the sky;
And its light streams around us all day.
We rejoice as we work, as we play.

There are stars and the pale moon on high,
When the night closes round us at rest;
And his lamp has gone down in the west.

The dear Lord with his care ever nigh,
Sends us all, gives us all, in large store;
And is waiting to bless us with more.

The voice of the singer was the voice of an angel, and the sick barin heard it, and listened, and gave a deep sigh when the song was finished. Then he rose and closed the door into the steward's room, and both Meesha and Simyon Andreitch thought they heard him weep. And when Meesha saw that Simyon Andreitch was also weeping, he stole away to his own home, and thought it all over to himself, and wondered.

Next evening, at the steward's request, little Meesha again appeared at the great house. All his dread of the barin had somehow vanished. When Pavl Kirilitch heard the first fingerings of the mandolin, he cried out: "Send that boy here." And Meesha entered the room where sat the tortured man, who was passing through the valley of humiliation, and wrestling with the demon of remorse.

"Sing that song beginning, 'The sun is God's lamp.'"

Meesha sang it.

"Have you any more songs?"

Meesha smiled, "Many."

"Sing another."

Then the child struck some chords, and sang one of the sweetest of the Russian folk songs:—

O rich black earth, all streaked with snow,
On cloudy April morning;
The green headlands, the fresh-turned row;
Young leaves the trees adorning.

Spring, spring on earth, in sky, in air;
Spring will ever waken
The saddest heart sunk in despair,—
Thinking itself forsaken.

Spring! We will sing thy praise indeed,
And bless thy welcome coming;
And raise our hearts forever freed
From winter's drear benumbing.

Pavl Kirilitch leaned forward, and with his two hands drew the boy's head close to him, looking long and fixedly with his stormy, heavy eyes on the bright and fearless young face. Then he passed his great hand slowly through Meesha's auburn curls, gazing wistfully; and still closer he drew the boy's head, and kissed his lips. Meesha loved the barin, and sank on his knees beside him.

"Your name is Meesha; isn't it? Come to-morrow, Meesha"—and the man's voice was hoarse, and choked, and broken—"but, before you go, sing me one more song, Meesha, Meeshurka."

Meesha rose. He was solemnized by the strange scene through which he was passing. He remembered that when he lost his mother a year ago, the schoolmaster, whom he loved, came to his father's *izba* and sang some beautiful words, which he afterwards taught him. Meesha remembered how the schoolmaster's song had cheered him in his sorrow, and he thought that if the barin is in great trouble, perhaps it might do him good also.

So Meesha sang — his great blue eyes wide open and gazing intently at the barin: —

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we saw as in a dream. Then our mouth was filled with rejoicing, and our tongue with song. Then said they among the nations: The Lord hath done great things for us: we rejoiced. Turn back, O Lord, our captivity, as the streams at noonday. Those that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. Sowing in tears the seed, he shall return with joy, bearing the sheaves.*

These are the grand old words sung by the Russian boy; and as he sang, sunlight entered the soul of Pavl Kirilitch. His captivity was turned; and his stony heart, so long filled with hatred, with the memory of sin, began diffidently to hope that there was perhaps a place of repentance for him, if he sought it carefully through tears and humiliation and prayer.

* Translated from the ancient Slavonic.

From The Leisure Hour.
STATESMEN OF EUROPE.
RUSSIA.

II.

SIDE by side with Vischnegradsky, for the importance which he has for the Russian people, must be placed the minister of public instruction, Count Delianoff. Both these ministers should exist for the good of the people; they both direct ministries which may be supposed to incarnate the soul of the nation; both in reality do little else save suffocate it. The actual minister of public instruction in Russia oppresses the souls of the people; his policy is fatal to their spiritual well-being. M. Delianoff took the place left empty by the Baron Nicolai in 1882. It will be sufficient if we cite two or three facts from his life to show what Russian society could expect from him. In 1854 he was nominated administrator of the secret committee called upon to persecute the

Raskolniks, or Old Believers, a sect that represents many thousands of Russians, and who are nothing more than dissenters from the orthodox faith — indeed, their doctrines differ very little from the orthodox, and consist chiefly in trivialities and in a desire for a simpler ritual. In 1860 Delianoff was a member of the censorship. In 1886 he was chosen adjutant of the then minister of the interior, Count Tolstoi. These data are sufficient to show what type of administrator he was likely to prove. A man whose task it had been to persecute the harmless and truly patriotic sect of the Raskolniks, to suffocate the press, to assist Tolstoi in his retrograde measures, was not one from whom much could be expected in the matter of public instruction.

Notwithstanding, society expected much from him, hoping that he would resolve the question of the secondary schools. A reform of these schools was looked for, because the government itself attributed precisely to them the diffusion of what it calls perverse ideas. It was therefore anticipated that Delianoff had been specially called to this post to eradicate these ideas, and to place the schools upon a new basis. The result, instead, was that all which had been anticipated of him did not come about. The Russian schools, although some changes have been made in them, are to-day nothing but chaos. If in the time of Tolstoi the secondary schools had a purely classical character and followed a certain system, antique and doctrinaire though that system was, now under Delianoff they are nothing but a conglomeration of all kinds of different types; military academies, technical schools, classical gymnasiums, seminaries. All these are mixed up together, and in their entirety are well calculated to turn out men as little educated as possible. There are those who say that the less men are educated, the better it is for the czar's tranquillity. If this be really so, the present system should be favorable to his rule. The universities had been put under a new regulation, in substitution for that which had been in force since 1863; and in 1886 Delianoff's name was in every one's mouth because of his famous university decrees, which had dissatisfied everybody, Conservatives and Liberals alike.

The essential fact in these new regulations was that the principle of election to a professorial chair was, under every form, entirely proscribed. Professors, rectors, deans, were all to be chosen by

the minister of public instruction. Moreover, it was ordained that all these authorities must submit themselves entirely and absolutely to the head rector and to the chief superintendent of studies, the head rector having the right to criticise any of the actions of his subordinates, to assign to them rewards, or to dismiss them without giving any explanation for his conduct.

Everything that regards public instruction in Russia passes through the ministry, and it must be borne in mind that one of the duties of the minister is to keep an eye on the nature of the lessons given by the masters. In virtue of a ministerial circular the professors are obliged to demonstrate the superiority of the orthodox religion and of autocracy over all other religions and over all other political forms on every possible occasion. For example, a professor who is giving a lesson on constitutional law in England would have to admit that the English constitution is an important fact, but that it is so only for the English; for the Russian people, educated in the fear of God, the only salvation lies in the autocracy of the house of Romanoff; the professor is obliged from his chair to declare that this is the will of God, and that the czar holds his power direct from Heaven, and not from the people. And it must be remembered that any one who openly or even indirectly declares against this, is, under the two hundred and fifty-second clause of the Russian penal law, liable to be sentenced to lifelong exile in Siberia. Obviously, many historical events must be absolutely ignored. Taken as a whole, the liberty of university instruction does not exist in Russia, and whoever has been or is its defender is cruelly persecuted. Some of the best men have lost their professorial chairs. In the ranks of the universities, if we may accept contemporary opinion, there remain, with a few exceptions, only those who have no authoritative position in science or scholarship. Let us quote the words of one of the apostles of contemporary science, the Russian professor Lamansky: "Entire branches of education, like philosophy, languages, Russian history and literature, the history of the Middle Ages, and the contemporary history of the Teuton and Latin peoples, the history of the Ottoman Empire and of the Slav people, have to be delivered in such a manner in the divers historical and philological faculties, that literally there is no possibility for the professors to teach what is asked of them, nor are the students able to study

these sciences in a manner that would enable them to become good specialists or literary men."

To characterize Delianoff we may add the following. Though he himself is of Armenian origin, scarcely was he nominated minister than he issued an order to close all the Armenian schools of the Caucasus. Delianoff is also known as the author of the circular now in force, according to which the sons of poor parents and those who are not noble are admitted only in very limited numbers to the universities. Yet his zeal has not remained uncompensated; on the day of his official jubilee, Delianoff was invested with the title of count.

On account of its political importance, as well as on account of its serious responsibility, one of the greatest posts held by Russian ministers is that of minister of war. This office is now held by General Vannonsky, who was born in 1822. He received a most limited education, having finished his studies in the military academy in the times of Nicholas I., that is to say in the days when attention was paid to nothing but manœuvres. There not only nothing was taught, but everything that savored of science or higher instruction was persecuted. Vannonsky, rising gradually, was chosen at last to fill one of the most important posts during the war of 1877-78, being elected chief of the staff of the 12th regiment, commanded by the then crown prince, the present czar. His critics say that he has little executive talent, and repeat the taunt familiar in other associations, that he holds the basis of all strategy to consist in a certain quantity of buttons and braid upon the dress of a soldier, and believes the supreme force of the empire to be constituted in the number of men under arms. Alexander III., when he was called upon to fill the throne, nominated Vannonsky as minister of war. As might be expected from one having so little sympathy with military education, the artillery and engineers are little protected under his régime; his favorite corps is the infantry. One of the first acts of the new minister was to minimize even the small amount of instruction given in the military schools. His predecessor Milutin had attached great importance to education for the officers and the graduates; he had founded schools in all the regiments, had encouraged libraries, and had laid down some useful rules as to the lines upon which military education was to

be conducted. Under his *régime* the military colleges took the name of military gymnasiums, and in the instruction imparted there they were on a level with that given in other schools of the empire. Milutin opened the doors of the military schools to all those who desired to educate themselves without on that account committing them to the military vocation. It was found that the interests of the army did not suffer from this change. Indeed, the last war proved sufficiently that the method was not a mistaken one. Vannonsky, on the other hand, held that these arrangements disturbed the basis of autocracy; consequently the military gymnasiums were once more remodelled into military colleges, and the instruction imparted there was changed as entirely as the name, the school returning to the *status quo ante*. The classes of medicine to which ladies had been admitted, and which had been favored by Milutin, were abolished at the express desire of the new minister of war. He also speedily put into practice his own views with regard to the army, and from his point of view he has always conscientiously fulfilled his duties.

The army, according to Vannonsky, should consist of unthinking machines, blindly devoted to their czar, incapable of discussion, prompt to obey the first word spoken by their emperor, and should shoot or destroy not only all foreign enemies, but, if needful, their own brethren also. The czar, delighted with the zeal of Vannonsky, was about to raise him to the rank of count, when all of a sudden there occurred an unpleasant incident. This same army, which, according to Vannonsky, was so devoted to the czar, and actually that very part of the army of which Vannonsky was the chief representative, and which had always been regarded as the most secure protection for the throne, was just the portion which gave forth the group of persons that proved most perilous to the czar, and who ventured to attempt the life of his sacred person. On March 1, 1887, some young Cossacks of the Don were arrested at St. Petersburg on the Newsky Prospekt, at the very moment when they were about to throw a bomb of explosive material under the carriage of the emperor, who was then returning from the fortress of Pietropaulowsky, where he had assisted at a mass for the soul of his father, murdered on this very spot March 1, 1881. It is easy to imagine how mortified Vannonsky was at this incident. His main defence con-

sisted in reiterating that these young Cossacks were criminals solely and only because they had received instruction unsuited to a Russian soldier, because, horrible to say, they had been university students; and he, the minister, had said more than once that the Cossacks ought never to cross the threshold of the universities, and that it was enough for them if they knew how to manage their horses. From that day forward, to Vannonsky's great annoyance, the czar began to doubt the fidelity of the Cossacks. Then Vannonsky decided at all costs that the czarewitch, in his capacity as attaman of all the Cossack troops should go to Novotscerkask, to persuade himself personally of the devotion of the army. The czar consented, and sent his eldest son under the pretext of blessing a new banner which had been presented to the Cossacks of the Don. The reception of the prince took place in the same official manner that always happens in such cases: the Cossacks defiled before him, at a foot pace, a trot, and a gallop; he was presented with the traditional bread and salt on silver trays covered with richly embroidered cloths, the joy-bells clanged through the air, the little Cossacks shouted hurrah, the Cossack girls threw flowers under the feet of the horses of the prince. No bomb was thrown, and Vannonsky triumphed. Notwithstanding, on the day of his jubilee he did not receive the title of count. And what Vannonsky is worth in his character of minister of war he has had no opportunity of showing. Meanwhile, it is whispered, and whispered pretty loudly, that the Russian army is worse equipped and worse educated than any of their rivals on the battle-field, that its *régime* is one of peculation and corruption.

Concerning some of the other ministers there remains little for us to say. The actual minister of public justice is Mánasseïn, who was originally a senator and became noted for his revision of the Baltic region in 1882. Many patriots placed great hopes upon this man; they thought that a man so learned, especially in legal matters, and who for a long time had filled the post of senator defending justice, that is to say, revealing himself as a follower of more modern legal principles, when once he had assumed the post of minister, would have continued in that direction. He once more undertook the question of the Baltic provinces, and visited them in person. He found great abuses current

there in the administration of justice; laws were arbitrarily violated or falsely interpreted, as results of the privileges and imperial rights accorded to the old feudatory nobility. Mánsseñ justly attributed all the evils that he saw here to the want of publicity, to secret tribunals, and to the amalgamation of the functions of police and justice that prevailed in the provinces. He proposed to rectify these evils by reforming the judicial institutions of the Baltic regions, and placing those provinces on the same level as the rest of Russia. This proposal found a sympathetic echo among all fair-minded Russian citizens; but what was their astonishment when Mánsseñ, become minister of justice, set himself to his task in a sense that they hardly anticipated. True, he placed the Baltic provinces upon a level with the rest of the empire, but he changed them from their more European position. He reversed the judicial codes of Alexander II., restricted publicity, almost abolished trial by jury, in short assisted as far as lay in his power to the making of Russian justice an instrument to aid Russian autocracy and the Russian orthodox religion. Thus it came about that the reforms in the Baltic region were made, not in order to diffuse modern ideas of justice and to educate the people under more humane and just laws, but to strengthen the Slavophile policy which is summed in the motto of Nicholas I.: "Autocracy, orthodoxy, nationalism." It is clear that Alexander III., like his grandfather Nicholas, regards himself as the representative of the Russian national spirit. But this spirit unhappily finds embodiment as a huge official fist, proud of its physical weight; it believes itself predestined to keep every other nation smashed and silent. At the same time that the Baltic regions were thus "pacified," ministerial circulars were issued by the minister of justice, applying to the whole of Russia, ordering that in future the number of lawyers and their assistants should be limited, and that in nominating them due attention should be paid to their religion, their origin, and their nationality. It must be borne in mind that Mánsseñ is a *protégé* of Ignatieff's and one of his disciples. This hint will suffice to make the reader understand what must necessarily be expected of him.

The next minister who claims our attention is the minister of foreign affairs, N. K. Giers, who was born in 1820, and though of Swedish origin is entirely Rus-

sified. He owes his career to his marriage with the niece of the Chancellor Gortschakoff, a Princess Cantakuzen. Giers is the representative of the European faction in the court of Alexander III., and his activity is known to the European public. Among all the ministers of the reigning czar, Giers is beyond question the most estimable. In Russia he is esteemed because he is the only one of Alexander III.'s ministers who has not initiated so-called reforms; for the Russian public has grown to dread reforms under the present czar as invariably meaning retrograde movements and changes for the worse. They also know that it is largely due to Giers that European peace is maintained. Under a subtle exterior and accommodating manners, the minister hides an iron will and a passive but resolute obstinacy; he speaks little, but acts much, and is an admirable tactician. Fine phrases do not move him, and protestations of friendship do not blind him; he knows what he wants, and he knows what is wanted of him, and he is not misled as to the aims of his adversaries. He excels in the art of temporizing. A cautious man, he has a constitutional dislike to the sensational diplomacy so dear to the heart of his now discredited countryman, General Ignatieff. M. de Giers's foreign policy is perhaps less personal than would appear. The emperor takes great interest in foreign affairs, and is often so absorbed in these that he neglects matters of interior administration. The national pride of the czar was humiliated so terribly by the disasters of 1878, that all his faculties seem concentrated upon the desire to give to his empire that supremacy and influence which he considers belong to it of right. M. Giers is only his aide-de-camp in chief, but a very able, a very important assistant. The maintenance of peace in various difficult moments of recent history has certainly been due to Giers; it is only necessary to recall Bulgaria in 1887, and Afghanistan in 1885. This certainly is no small merit to accord to a man, and one for which not only Russia but all western Europe has cause to be grateful to him. It is by no means impossible, however, that this love of peace manifested by the minister Giers proceeds from a conviction that a war would be fatal to autocracy. We all know that the severe blow of the Crimean defeat threw the autocracy out of the beaten track; it might not be able to survive a second fall of Sebastopol; it is too much undermined to be able to resist such a storm. This is the reason,

according to some Russians, why both Giers and the czar, as well as his other ministers, avoid plunging the country into war, though they so often appear to bring it to the edge of that disaster.

Certain it is that M. de Giers has notoriously often the greatest difficulty in restraining the short-sighted, intemperate zeal of the officials directly under his orders. One of the weak points in the Russian system of government is that the ministers have no corporate responsibility, and consequently they do not feel the necessity of acting harmoniously together. Cases have actually occurred in which the foreign minister was anxiously pursuing a pacific policy, whilst his colleague at the Home Office was systematically counter-acting his efforts by allowing the press to foment bellicose excitement. In such cases it is only the personal intervention of the sovereign that can secure harmony in the working of the government, and it is for this reason that the honor of the czar is involved in the loyal execution of treaties and conventions by all sections of the administration.

We must now speak of the man who, if he is not the best-hated Russian minister among his countrymen, is certainly one of the most detested abroad; we refer to Pobiédonostzeff. Under Alexander II. this man occupied but a secondary place, but under Alexander III., who was his pupil, he has become omnipotent. An indefatigable worker, a zealot, a nineteenth-century Laud, his influence for the last seven years has almost overshadowed the throne. He exercises an ascendancy which constitutes one of the darkest shadows of the reign. More than one-half of the existing ministers owe their nomination more or less directly to his influence. A narrow-minded man, unscrupulous in misrepresenting his opponents for the sake of the orthodox cause, fiercely ambitious, he is convinced that he is doing his duty, that it is he who has been called of God to save Russia from that breaking up into rival creeds which exists in the rest of Europe. To him Russia is a Church; she is primarily a religious communion, and only secondarily a secular community. He holds that the Church saved Russia in the past, and that the sacred duty which history has bequeathed to the Russian government as the first of all its duties is to safeguard the Church against anything which should menace its security and unity to-day. Such, even according to Mr. Stead, a partisan of Russia, are the

principles and the practice of the man now in the ascendant in Russia, the man whom he calls "the firm of Diocletian, Torquemada, Pobiédonostzeff & Co., Limited." When it was known last year in Europe that Pobiédonostzeff, from being procurator-general of the Holy Synod, had been appointed minister of worship, the news was most unfavorably received. It was taken to mean that M. Giers's pacific influence had diminished. M. Pobiédonostzeff does not, indeed, belong to the war party, but he holds ideas which, if put into practice, must inevitably end in bringing Russia into conflict with her neighbors. So long as Pobiédonostzeff had no seat in the Cabinet, direct conflict between him and M. Giers could be avoided; but M. Giers and the fanatical procurator are ill-made to work together as fellow-ministers, and, should the minister of foreign affairs be driven to retire, Pobiédonostzeff's influence will succeed in bringing a much less prudent statesman to the Foreign Office. The internal defects of Pobiédonostzeff's nomination, of course, concern the Russians only. The religious persecutions which had been undertaken at his instigation have since been carried on with redoubled vigor now that he himself superintends their execution; and if a nation of one hundred million inhabitants will submit to such things, Europe can only look on with astonishment and sorrow. It is related that recently, when the present situation of Russia was being discussed in an Austrian salon, a Pole who was present summed up the whole state of affairs by exclaiming: "Thank Heaven that the Russian police are corrupt; if we could not ensure ourselves against their persecutions by paying blackmail, there would be no living at all." It is Pobiédonostzeff who keeps alive in the czar the belief that he is the anointed of the Lord, the representative of God upon earth, and that the population of his endless empire only exists in order to obey his will. Certainly Pobiédonostzeff has contributed more than any Russian of his age to bring his country into discredit in the eyes of all thinking men and of all civilized Europe. Never has superstitious religion, as distinguished from real religion, been so rife in the empire as it is now. Everybody ostentatiously professes belief; the number of sacred images (*ikons*) placed in all public streets and squares is rapidly increasing; tracts are circulated among the people concerning the miracles wrought by these images, and the populace are encouraged to multiply churches and chapels.

Relics are eagerly sought for; everything that savors of ritual is encouraged and lauded.

A copy in miniature of Pobiédonostzeff is seen in another servant of the czar, Filippoff, the imperial controller. He, like Pobiédonostzeff, is sprung from the educated classes, and, like his prototype, was formerly a teacher. He is, indeed, in the service of the autocracy, a zealous believer; he brings even into his financial functions the spirit of religious persecution. His post is one that to European ideas is almost derisory. When we are told that from the controller, in the matter of revision of accounts, there are exempt in the empire the following offices: 1. The ministry of the court and its appendages; 2. The institution of imperial credit and the superior chancellery of ministerial finances; 3. The economical administration of the Holy Synod; 4. The ministry of foreign affairs for extraordinary expenses; 5. All those ministries and institutions which are furnished with special sums of which the use is known only to the czar—it is obvious that an administration carried on under such limits is worse than useless as far as the interests of the empire are concerned.

To speak of political parties in Russia is almost ridiculous, since these, even when they exist, have no public means of manifesting their views. Still there may be said to be in Russia four factions: the Conservatives, the Liberals, the Nihilists, and the German party. The word Conservative in Russia must be interpreted in a different sense from that which it holds in the rest of Europe; it rather represents a party which is in favor of a system of terrorization, than one whose opinions are founded upon a love of law and order. There was a moment when the Liberals seemed to have the upper hand in St. Petersburg, that is to say, during the administration of Count Loris Melikoff, when it even seemed that their ideas would triumph, and Russia be endowed with a constitution. But the murder of Alexander II. dashed all these hopes, and since the accession of Alexander III. the Liberal party has been almost as much persecuted as the Nihilists. Reaction, the ceaseless effort to go backwards, the trying to resuscitate evils already condemned and abolished, is the watchword at present in force in the empire. To say the least, it must be demoralizing to the people to witness daily persecutions like

those which are practised upon the Jews residing within the boundaries of the empire. The presence of such a mass of people, whose rights as men and citizens are daily violated, cannot be without its influence upon the character of the Russians. It must stir up in them their lowest instincts, graft upon them a cynical disregard of all moral restraint, accustom them to trample down the weak and sneer at human suffering. There is no making a free nation out of a people to whom violence and oppression have become a daily spectacle. What can be hoped of a people who boast, in the words of the *Grashdanin*, one of the most influential Russian papers, that it is their greatest happiness to think "that they are a powerful and barbarous people. . . . Our strength lies in the very fact that we are the barbarians of Europe, and the more inferior we are to that civilization which offers the guillotine as a reform, and replaces patriotism by comfort, and religion by unbelief, the stronger and more living we shall be as a Christian people. We Russians ought to be convinced that there is no enlightened man in Europe who does not regard us as his bugbear; and when we teach our children history, we ought to make them understand that Russia has always been beaten and crushed whenever she sought allies in Europe, and has created enemies in lieu of friends. Have as many sympathies as you like, but do not speak of alliance. What is the use? You know well enough that you would not lift your little finger for us. Why then ask us to set our whole army marching for you?"

Yet even Russia, it seems, cannot do without allies, if not for self-defence, at least for friendly concert. Curiously enough, she seeks her friends not among despotisms like her own (happily these are not easy to find), but among republics. The spectacle of the Platonic friendship between Russia and the two great republics of France and the United States fills all observers with puzzled astonishment. Certainly these alliances are not sought for the purpose of self-defence; for neither country would lift hand or sword to save the other in the day of peril. The civilities of Cronstadt will count for little in the day of tribulation when the fate of a nation trembles in the balance. Nor is it possible that the friendship with France should last long. The intellectual leaders of that country will not for an indefinite time patiently submit to the humiliating consciousness of currying favor with the representative of the knout, and of having

disgraced the historical attitude of France towards freedom.

Let those who believe in Russian progress not delude themselves. It is cynically said that every people has the government it deserves—and in a measure this is true. There is in Russia a party that desires a more liberal rule. To this the prisons of Siberia testify and the noble army of martyrs to Russian freedom. But the mass of the nation is still content to worship the reigning czar, whoever he may be, and to believe in his heaven-sent authority.

Were this not so, would they not revolt?—and what army can withstand a whole nation in revolt? Indeed the army, which after all is chosen from among the ranks of the people, would join their brethren in the holy cause of emancipation from worse than slavery. If a whole nation submits to such measures as those introduced and supported by Durnoff and his colleagues, we must perforce draw the mournful but logical conclusion that the mass of the nation approves them. It is an unpleasant admission to make, but it is vain to deny that the retrograde policy current in Russia has yielded for the land a harvest of apparent success, and that no signs of great discontent are visible. Liberal ideas, of course, germinate in Russia; even in the carefully regulated universities they find expression; but some aspects of the new policy recommend themselves to many minds at this juncture. The spirit of hope and restlessness which gave birth to so many reforms a quarter of a century ago is dead, or overcome with lassitude; the illusions of Liberalism have lost their hold; what is active, militant, and living is the half mystic union of orthodoxy and czarism—pride of race and a vague idea that Russia must set about its own mission in its own way. Never for a long time past could those who are under the spell of this belief feel that national pride was more studiously regarded than it is now; everything is conceded to popular traditions and prejudice. The pure Slav is no longer irritated by the sight of officials of German birth promoted to the highest posts in the army and court service; Russia for the Russians—the Slav to be sufficient for himself in peace and war, in literature and art—is the fashionable maxim of the hour, and it is pleasing to a large part of the nation to be told by its ruler that they are to go their own way. Russian civilization is to be no dull copy of that of western Europe, but is to have distinct and valuable features of its own.

The strength of this element is too much under-estimated by foreigners, who erroneously think of the Russian peasant and shopkeeper as living in an intellectual atmosphere more or less akin to their own, disposed to be critical, and prone to stand upon their rights and question those of their rulers. They do not comprehend the depth of the attachment to the crown, and the comparative indifference to all else, shown by the Russians. We hear of discontent and conspiracy, and we forget how small a factor even Nihilism may be in the life of such an enormous country as Russia. Let Europe not delude herself; the day when Russia will have an enlightened government according to Western ideas is still far distant, and certainly not so long as Alexander III. sits on her throne and wields her destiny. His motto and that of his counsellors is the development of Russia according to Russian ideas; and these ideas are too much mixed up with the superstitions of its religious faith to be civilized according to the European point of view.

. Since this paper was written, the magnitude of the calamity which has fallen upon Russia has begun to appear. No one would venture to predict what changes and convulsions may be wrought by famine on so dire a scale, though it is not the first time that scourge has appeared within its borders. While the rule of the czar is frankly criticised, we believe with Lord Tennyson that personally Alexander III. is a man of generous nature. Autocrat as he is nominally, he has actually less power than is commonly imagined. The army being now the chief power on which he relies, he does not venture to thwart the ambitious views of the military chiefs. In civil affairs, his love of ease and his morbid timidity have brought him wholly under the influence of the successor of Count Dimitri Tolstoi, and of his old tutor, the narrow, bigoted, intolerant Pobiédonostzeff, procurator of the Holy Synod.

From The Kent and Sussex Courier.

THE STRANGE CAREER OF A BURGLAR.

THE quiet little town of Burgess Hill has recently been startled out of the dull decorum of its existence by the fact that a gentleman living in one of its most eligible villas, who was recently married to a young lady of fortune, to whom he was introduced in America, is none other than a clever and dangerous convict, who had failed to report himself to the police, and had been occupying his leisure by the

perpetration of wholesale burglaries of a similar skilful and daring description to those for which he has already undergone two terms of penal servitude.

Frederick George Barton, who was born at Tunbridge in 1858, of respectable working-class parents, made his first appearance in any court at seven years old, when he was charged with setting fire to gorse on a common; but, in consideration of his tender age, he was let off with a caution on his parents promising to give him a whipping. At twelve he was committed for five years to Red Hill Reformatory for embezzlement. He absconded before his time expired, and was not traced until the period of detention had run out. He was shortly afterwards sent to prison in Yorkshire for robbing his master, a peripatetic auctioneer in watches and jewellery. Upon his release, in October, 1875, his employer, won by his plausible manner, forgave him, and again took him into his service, where he remained for a year, when he decamped with a portmanteau full of his master's jewellery, which he pawned in various parts of the country. Although a warrant had been issued against him, he managed to elude the vigilance of the police. After staying in (and robbing) a boys' refuge in London, young Barton went to Tunbridge Wells, and stole £17,000 worth of securities by a burglary in the house of a clergyman who had befriended him. He was taken and sentenced in 1876 (aged eighteen) to ten years' penal servitude. Four years later, in the December of 1880, with six years of his sentence unexpired, Barton was again in Tunbridge Wells, much to the astonishment of the police, who found him in possession of a free pardon from the home secretary, obtained by a daring and ingenious fraud.

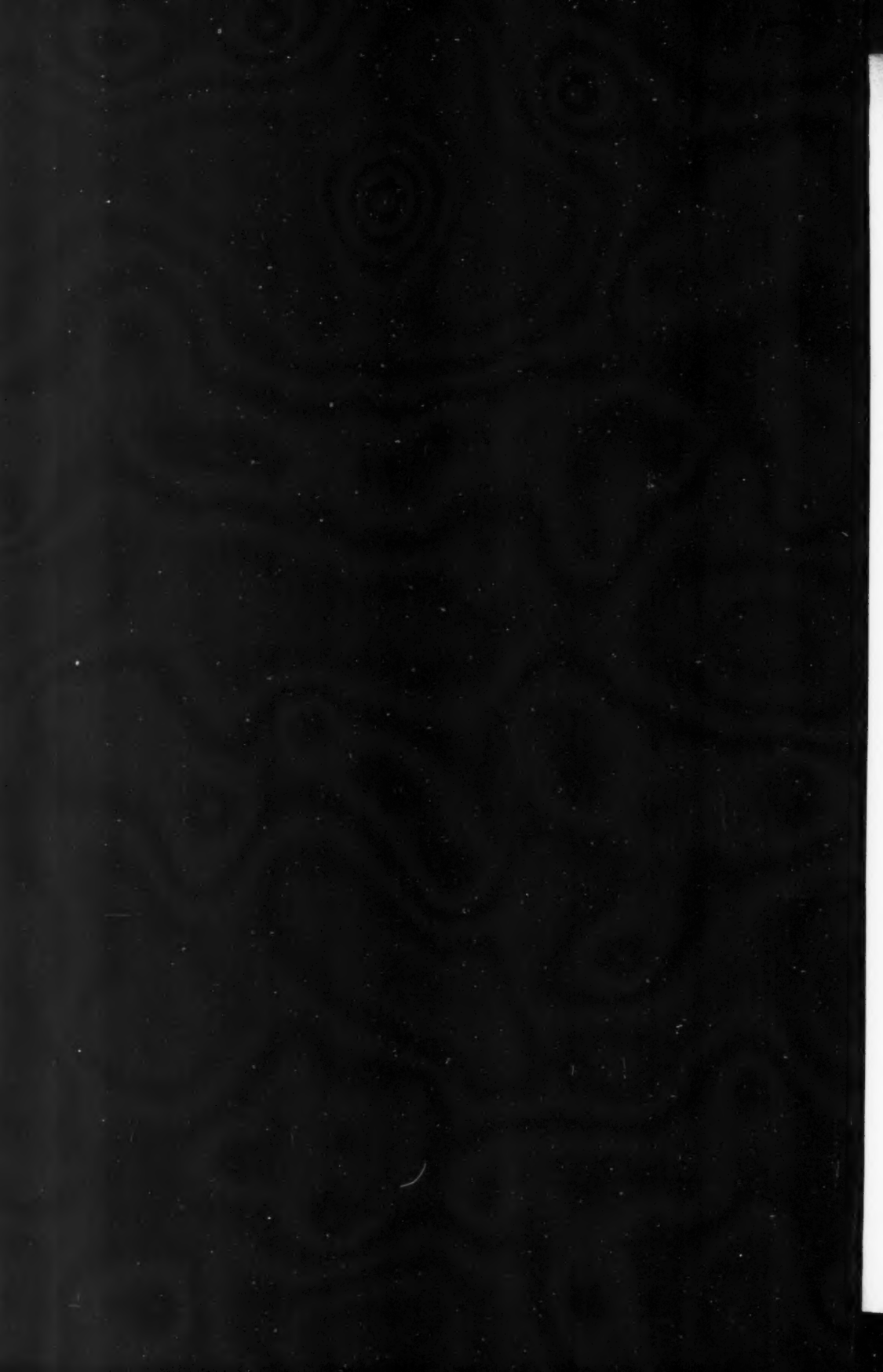
Barton next enlisted, but was again arrested in July, 1881, upon suspicion of having committed several burglaries in the neighborhood of Tunbridge Wells. He was in uniform, with a sergeant's stripes, to which he was not entitled, and in his pocket was a forged furlough. The police, it is said, have a strong suspicion that he was in the employ of Lieutenant Roper as soldier-servant at the time that officer was found dead at Chatham Barracks. In the following November he was sentenced to a second term of ten years' penal servitude, and it was not until 1889 that he was released.

Barton then went to America, and the New York papers were presently writing

about "an action brought by Lieutenant Neville-Barton, V.C., R.E., against an eccentric spinster, who set her ferocious dogs on to him and mangled his flesh in a cruel and painful manner." At this time the ex-convict had introduced himself to New York society as Lieutenant Barton, of the Royal Engineers. We next hear of him as ingratiating himself into the family of Mrs. Miller, a lady of some independent means, residing in Brooklyn, New York; and so well did he play his part that in March of the past year he was married to Miss Miller, who is said to be a very pretty and accomplished girl. Barton's mother-in-law pressed him to introduce her to his fashionable relatives at Tunbridge Wells. On coming to England he went to Burgess Hill and took a residence. At once mysterious burglaries began in the neighborhood. Ultimately the police brought several charges against Barton of breaking into residences at Burgess Hill and stealing various articles.

By this time the family of the unfortunate Mrs. Barton had been stripped of nearly every penny by Barton, and left in an almost destitute condition plus the burden of Barton's liabilities. Even after his marriage Barton kept up a correspondence with ladies with a view to marriage, and paid personal attention to others. He made the acquaintance of a young lady, the daughter of a well-known clergyman residing near London, who was staying in Brighton with her mother, and paid her marked attention. Meeting her on the Brighton front, Barton invited her to accompany him in his dog-cart when he drove to Burgess Hill to see about his letters. Arriving at Cedar Lodge, Barton and the young lady were arrested together, and both taken to the police station. The lady was looked upon as an accomplice, and the police would not release her from detention until her explanations were verified and found to be correct. The young lady was released from her most unpleasant predicament late in the evening, and will probably not forget her drive with Barton and its sensational ending.

At the recent assizes at Lewes, Barton was indicted for burglary, and found guilty of receiving goods well knowing them to have been stolen, and was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude; but, as he is even now only thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, it is quite possible that this plausible criminal will be heard of again in the future.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



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